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ΣΟΥ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΥ.

John Brown  
from the author's daughter

1857.

$\frac{1}{2}$



# SACRED POETRY.

BY

JAMES EDMESTON.

LONDON:

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MDCCCXLVIII.





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## Preface.

---

MOST of the following poems, as well as others which I have written but not here reprinted, have been long before the public, and many of them extensively circulated in selections of sacred poetry, both in this country and in America, but in a collected form they have for years been out of print. Believing that it is important for a writer to learn to blot, I have shortened some of them from what they were in the former editions, corrected others, and some which have been before printed I have altogether suppressed, as commonplace and unworthy of retaining.

These are all the Poems which appear to me in any way deserving to be again laid before the public. The numerous hymns which I have written, and which have also been extensively circulated, I may probably print in a separate volume, if I should find that they would be acceptable.

JAMES EDMESTON.

*Homerton.*

## Invocation.

---

OH ! for one flash of that pure fire,  
In heaven intense and bright,  
To glance along this trembling lyre,  
And wake its chords to light ;—  
Then would I sing, that all around  
Were rapt in pleasure at the sound !

Then would I give the Spirit wings,  
To soar into the sky—  
The sounds that lit these feeble strings  
Should lift the thought on high,  
And lead the enchanted heart along,  
Bound in the magic chords of song.

GREAT SPIRIT ! who didst erst descend  
To glow in prophet's soul,  
To me Thy holy influence lend,  
Direct—inspire the whole ;  
Then can I sing if I may be  
Directed and inspired by THEE.



## PATMOS.

### A FRAGMENT.

GIVE me my harp!—This verdant seat,  
And wide-spread, overarching tree,  
Afford a still, a fit retreat  
For notes of heavenly minstrelsy;  
Fair is this bank of wild-wood flowers,  
Fair are these woodbine-trellised bowers,  
And fair this leafy canopy:  
The pebbly brooklet at its feet,  
In forest music, soft and sweet,  
Low murmuring so pleasantly:  
And over all the pure clear blue,  
Shining the forest lattice through,—  
Unite to lull the weary breast  
To holy calm, to heavenly rest.

PATMOS! the name itself has power  
To seal the thought in trance of light,

B

And lead across this summer bower  
Scenes of Heaven to Fancy's sight.  
Patmos!—the name comes o'er my ear,  
As if a spirit spoke the word—  
Yes, I can almost see and hear  
All the Apostle saw and heard.  
Give me, then, Fancy's wings!—my soul  
Would wander o'er the Egean sea,  
And light, Enchanted Isle, on thee!  
Visions intense before me roll  
Of glory—of eternity!  
Visions like those which pass'd along,  
When, through the pearl-gates of the sky,  
He saw bright forms, and heard the song,  
Which never—no—can never die!  
Yes, would I that for one lone day,  
Beside thy rocks and shell-strewn sand,  
Along thy sea-beach, I might stray,  
And by the plashing sea-wave stand:  
I, too, could trace, in ravish'd thought,  
Those trains of holy splendour there,  
Which shone when Heaven to earth was brought;  
That HEAVENLY CITY bright and fair,  
The purple robes the martyrs wore,  
Their deathbands wet with their own gore,  
Changed since for joy beyond compare;

And radiant crowns, and names unknown  
On earth, which, named in Heaven alone,  
Celestial language can express,  
All glory, and all blessedness.

True to His promise when He told,  
    "Whatever you resign for me,  
    Friends, kindred, riches, all shall be  
Return'd you back an hundred-fold :"  
The Saviour would not leave the saint  
    In loneliness and sorrow there—  
    Pouring a sad, a silent prayer,  
In languid and in vain complaint :  
But, haply, as beside the sea  
The Exile wander'd mournfully,  
Thinking of those who, far away,  
    On that sabbatic morn had met,  
With whom, throughout the sacred day,  
    His spirit would be present yet.  
Perchance, the moment when the sun  
    Was rising gorgeous from the wave,  
And that first sabbath hour begun,  
    When the REDEEMER broke the grave ;—  
Then, all at once the Spirit came  
    And rapt his senses, and a sound,  
    As of a trumpet, played around,  
And a pure form of solar flame,

All splendour and all terror, shone  
Brightly, divinely, and alone.

Could this be HE who once had died,  
And all our sin, our sorrow borne?  
The meek, despised, the crucified—  
The hated and cast out with scorn?  
Yes, it was HE,—whom all shall see  
One day more glorious e'en than then,  
THE RIGHTEOUS ARBITER OF MEN.  
A dreadful, a consuming flame,  
To those who spurn'd His mercy here:  
But if our trust be in His name,  
The Saviour bears no form of fear.  
He who would never break the reed  
Already bruised by storms of care,  
Nor quench the flame, which scarce indeed  
Shew'd token that a spark was there,  
The Helper of the weak, the God,  
The Comforter of those cast down,—  
HE who Himself the valley trod,  
And took earth's sorrows for His crown;  
'Twas HE forbade the saint to dread  
The form of splendour which He wore.  
"I—I am HE, who once was dead,  
But rose and live for evermore.

Fear not!—the FIRST, the LAST—I bear  
The keys of death, and reign thy guardian there."

Lovely is Nature, when her streams,  
And hills, and valleys, sweetly blend ;  
And when, by night or day, the beams  
Of moon or sun their brilliance lend :  
And lovelier they are to view  
When those most dear are standing by,  
When they enjoy the beauty too ;  
And this fair earth, and cloudless sky,  
Smile gay around, and peace and love  
Grace all below and all above :  
But, surely, not the sweetest scene  
With that drear Island can compare,  
When visions on its shores were seen,  
And Heaven appear'd descended there.

\* \* \* \* \*

Eternal Throne ! through clouds of awe,  
Darting the flames of vengeance bright,  
Thee, too, the saintly Exile saw,  
Thy lightning zone, thy veil of night,  
The ANCIENT OF ETERNAL DAYS,  
In glorious purity there shone ;  
HIM angels might approach to praise,  
But how could sinful man look on ?

Yet that no creature might despair,  
An emerald rainbow—sign of hope—was there !  
Yes, 'tis before the Throne we pour  
Our prayers, our wants, our sorrows here ;  
And holy spirits there adore,  
Who have no sorrow and no tear.

\* \* \* \* \*

All Nature praises HIM,—the fields, the woods,  
And every beast, and bird of every wing,  
The ocean, and the rivers, and the floods,  
And all the myriads of the waters, bring  
Each one its anthem to the Eternal Throne ;  
For they enjoy—'tis all that they can do.  
And, if we trace the whole creation through,  
Ingratitude is found in Man alone :  
He mars the beauty of this quiet earth,  
Blots it with sin, and stains its fairest fields ;  
Malign and evil even from his birth,  
Perverting every blessing that it yields,  
Save when his heart is changed, and he resigns  
His former self and bears a soul from Heaven ;  
Then, truly, love through all his actions shines,  
And then his anthem, too, of praise is given,  
Louder and more sublime than theirs ; he sings  
Of Providence and of redeeming love,—  
Of HIM from whom on earth each blessing springs,  
And of celestial, brighter hopes above.

Who that has left the crowded street awhile,  
And in deep forests spent a summer's day,  
Viewing all Nature round about him smile,  
Vested in beauty and in spirit gay ;—  
Where the fleet deer bounds lightsomely along,  
Or quiet cattle rest beneath the trees,—  
Where the birds warble each his own sweet song,  
And winnowing in the sunbeam and the breeze,  
The azure-wingèd swarms, the summer bees,  
The myriad insect tribes in pleasure throng ;  
And in the lucid waters quickly dart  
Its little habitants, all silver-scaled,  
Or gold, or tinged with hues so fair that art,  
Had it assayed to copy them, had fail'd ;  
And where the flowers, all loveliness and sweets,  
Stand in the sun and dally with the air,  
And scatter perfume all around them there ;—  
But feels his heart charm'd into joy, and beats  
All sympathetic, and he joins and sings  
The anthem of delight with which all Nature rings ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Harps were in Heaven ! Oh, who can tell  
Whence springs the witchery of sound ?  
Whence is the power of that sweet spell,  
By which the soul is captive bound ?

For Music speaks of forms and things,  
And thoughts and feelings all her own ;  
And oft before the eye she brings  
A train all hers, and hers alone.  
If one celestial spark be found  
Remaining in the human breast,  
It is the sympathy with sound,  
In sweet accordance with the Blest.  
Meet offering for the praise of Him  
Whose footstool earth, whose throne the sky,  
Is the soul-captivating hymn,  
With its subduing melody !  
There is a church, whose many horns  
Of heresy have long been curst ;  
Whom e'en to-day the Saviour warns,  
But vain !—the thunderbolt shall burst  
In vengeance on her—yet she knows,  
Full well, to steal the heart away,  
And in her sacred song, which flows  
So lovelily, can archly play  
And draw the spirits to her net,  
Till all beside her they forget,  
And fall her willing prey.

I, too, within her courts have been,  
And view'd the fragrant incense rise,  
And thought of PATMOS, and the scene  
Of harps and censers in the skies ;

And sure the heart might be forgiven,  
Rapt by sweet voices and perfume,  
That wanders to the courts of Heaven,  
And sees in thought the life-groves bloom,  
The rivers flow, the gold that burns,  
The gem and pearl, that each in turns  
Sheds its own ray of varied light,  
Along those city walls so bright,  
And all the seraph choirs, which raise  
The anthem of eternal praise.

\* \* \* \* \*

DARK BOOK OF PROPHECY ! Who could unseal  
Thy pages and discover what shall be ?  
HE only who is worthy shall reveal  
The clouds and sunshine of futurity :  
All time, all providence, is HIS, He shews  
His people what to hope and what to fear ;  
But oh ! amidst the gathering clouds and woes,  
How sweet to look into that brighter sphere,  
And see the mighty energy of prayer !  
The agonies of men, their tears, their sighs,  
As incense from those sacred censers rise,  
And burn before the Throne of Mercy there.

\* \* \* \* \*

Faith in an Immortality ! 'tis thou,  
And thou alone, canst draw the sting from death,  
When o'er the sick, the dying couch we bow,  
And watch the last low heaving of the breath,  
The pulse that hesitates, the catching gasp,  
The hectic flush, that glows ere life be past,  
The wandering spirit, the convulsive clasp,  
The fading eye, bent o'er us to the last :  
Oh, what could aid us then ? Could tears ? No ! weep—  
Weep as thou wilt, the pang will rack thee still,  
The wound is far too deadly and too deep  
For tears to flow and wash away the ill ;  
What, then, could give thee strength the sting to bear,  
That sting—that bitter sting that death has given ?  
Ah ! nothing, but the confidence of Heaven,  
The prospect of the bright reunion there.  
I too—I too have felt that, reft of thee,  
Hopeless to meet the lost of love again,  
I must have known, in plenitude of pain,  
How terrible a shatter'd heart would be :  
Reason had sunk beneath the shock, and all  
Her boasted powers depart, and deep despair  
And clouds and darkness o'er the fancy fall,  
And this wide earth, its scenes and seasons fair,  
Form but a vacuum for a maniac's glare.

But to retrace those cherish'd forms above,  
And hope that state is ours as well as theirs,  
Will charm the poison the DESTROYER bears,  
And draw the thorn from out the breast of love.  
Now Faith through tears can smile, and say, "Adieu,  
Ye ever dear, and never more than now ;  
Pure spirits, I shall walk again with you,  
Clad in white robes, and with a conqueror's bough  
Of palm in every hand, and God will dry  
In that fair world the tear from every eye."

When the immortal spirit bursts away,  
Can we not fancy such a scene as this,—  
Some fair form waiting at the gates of bliss,  
To bid us welcome to that world of day ?  
Oh, let me think (it is too sweet a thought  
To take, and then to cast it idly by,)  
By some fair seraph hand I may be caught,  
And welcomed at the portal of the sky,—  
Some hand which I have often press'd when here,  
And lips whose music charm'd my earthly day,  
And eyes all love, gemm'd once with many a tear,  
But whence all weeping now has pass'd away ;  
A mother's, sister's, relatives', the same—  
The same in Heaven though purer than before,  
For though each passion but this one be o'er,  
Love there will burn with an intenser flame.

And surely those who quit us sometimes think  
On earth and us ; and wish us with them there,  
And haply walk along the heavenly brink,  
To view us struggling through this world of care :  
Yes ! they will watch the death-bed where we sink,  
And lead the Spirit through the fields of air.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sweet is communion with God,  
In brighter or in darker hours,  
Beneath the smile, beneath the rod,  
In joy's bright beams or sorrow's showers :  
If prosperous days shine fair, HE gave  
The sun and flowers, and bid them bloom ;  
If toss'd upon the stormy wave,  
HE darts a ray amid the gloom.  
With HIM we rest, though far from home,  
HE lives our Friend, though others die,  
And (happy thought !) we cannot roam  
From GUARDIAN INFINITY !  
True, no Shechinah now appears  
To prove to sense that God is there,  
But through the contrite sinner's tears  
A ray diviner beams in prayer.

How often has the flame of wrath  
Descended as the saints have pray'd,  
How often has it issued forth  
In blasting lightning to their aid ;  
But oftener has the voice of love  
Risen to those fair courts, and brought  
The promised Spirit from above  
To man ; and often has it sought  
Health for the sick, peace for the torn,  
Joy for the bosom doom'd to mourn.  
And many can bear witness here  
Those blessings were not sought in vain,—  
Responsive to the suppliant tear,  
Health, peace, and joy, have beam'd again ;  
And often has an erring soul  
By PRAYER from utter death been kept.  
Whom nothing else could e'er control,  
Him PRAYER has conquer'd : he has wept,  
And by his tears Repentance sweet  
Has mark'd the victory complete.

When those who deeply love have parted,  
Sad, dejected, broken-hearted,  
Though separated and bereft  
Of every sympathy beside,  
One link of union was left,  
Which nothing—nothing—could divide :

That link was prayer ; by this they feel,  
Though hidden from each other's eye,  
From God no distance can conceal,  
And He alike to each is nigh.  
Sweet sympathy ! to bend before  
The same high Throne, and it may be  
At the same instant, to adore  
The same protecting DEITY.

\* \* \* \* \*

Great God ! all bounteous as Thou art,  
How terribly Thine anger glows !  
How often has the poison'd dart  
Drunk up the spirit of Thy foes !  
How strong the armies of Thy wrath !  
How dread their banner when unfurl'd,  
And vengeful angels sally forth  
To smite and slay a sinful world !

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet, amidst threatening clouds and night,  
And visions fraught with curse and pain,  
In sunbursts of celestial light,  
Glimpses of heaven break through again ;

And, truly, rather would I sing  
Of the pure joy and brilliance there,  
Than bid my trembling harp-notes ring  
To scenes of darkness and despair.  
How sweet that HYMN OF REST, which broke  
In sounds no earthly music knows—  
Sounds which the HOLY SPIRIT spoke—  
The anthem of the saints' repose :

BLESSED, BLESSED, ARE THE DEAD !  
BLESSED, BLESSED, ARE THE DEAD !  
SWEETLY SLEEP THEY IN THE LORD !  
PAIN IS OVER, TEARS ALL SHED,  
LABOUR ENDED, SORROW FLED,  
THEY HAVE GONE TO THEIR REWARD !

Sweet requiem ! Sometimes, when I've lain  
Upon the marge of my own Isle,  
And view'd by moonlight all the main  
In little golden ripples smile ;  
The earth, the sky, the sea all clear,  
Good spirits might seem walking here,  
While summer midnight airs breathed by,  
So soft, so light, they scarce could stir  
The quivering, flying gossamer.  
A sound has come in every sigh,

And I have heard (or thought I heard)  
Some spirit syllable a word,  
Sweet, low, and saintly, like the song,  
Unheard indeed by mortal ear,  
Which angel voices breathe along,—  
The requiem o'er a Christian bier.

BLESSED, BLESSED, ARE THE DEAD !  
BLESSED, BLESSED, ARE THE DEAD !  
SWEETLY SLEEP THEY IN THE LORD !  
PAIN IS OVER, TEARS ALL SHED,  
LABOUR ENDED, SORROW FLED,  
THEY HAVE GONE TO THEIR REWARD !

Yes, yes, they rest, and they review  
The earthly path they pass'd along,  
And praise the Power that led them through  
With many a sweet and grateful song ;  
And well His name that anthem bears,  
Who from Egyptian bondage brought  
The chosen nations through the snares,  
The conflicts, famines, thirsts, and cares,  
Of the waste wilderness, and fought  
His glorious way to Jordan's side,  
Then on the Mount of Prospect died.

SWEET SONG OF PROVIDENCE ! E'en we,  
 Though yet on earth, may mingle too :  
 Can we look back and thankless be  
 For all the mercies in review ?  
 Much we have wish'd has been denied,  
 And we have murmur'd, but the day  
 Of murmuring has pass'd away ;  
 And we have own'd, in spite of pride,  
 And every thought that dared rebel,  
 It all was kind, it all was well :  
 HE saw, although we could not see,  
 How hurtful our desires would be.

\* \* \* \* \*

But the last universal judgment-day  
 Will surely come, when every fast-seal'd grave,  
 Before inexorable, shall obey,  
 And yield its dead,—and the vast ocean-wave  
 Shall yield its dead, e'en they who died of yore,  
 Ere the old world the mighty deluge swept,  
 With those, who scarce one little hour before  
 The morning of account, laid down and slept,  
 And they who in far-sever'd climates died,  
 Tomb'd in the deep sea, or in valleys laid,  
 Whom billows and high rocks and sands divide  
 From the still slumberers of the flowery glade,

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All shall awaken, and stand side by side,  
At that great day before His righteous bar,  
Who sees the inmost hearts of men afar,  
Then the Almighty Judge, though once the Crucified.

Who would not tremble to look there, and see  
The opening judgment books, the waken'd dead?  
Who, that reflects that he shall one day be  
At that tribunal, but must feel a dread  
Of the last sentence then? Oh, happy he  
Who views in humble faith the Lamb who bled,  
And feels, before the cross, fear fade away  
As night retires before the dawn of day.

What matters it, if safe in Christ we sleep,  
Where is our grave, and in what place we die?  
Whether we sink into the mighty deep,  
Or in our native village churchway lie,  
Where many a friendly footstep passes by,  
And where the tablet, or the bed of green,  
Beside the oft-frequented pathway seen,  
Calls forth the tear from friendship's gazing eye.  
True, might I choose, much rather would I be  
Wrapt in the green turf of my own dear home;  
But this is weakness,—for the pathless sea,  
Or wheresoever exile man may roam,  
Is safe alike, and yon high azure dome

Circles alike the mighty treasury,  
Of what in every age and land the just  
Have, in full faith, committed to HIS trust.

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From orient clouds in loveliness descends  
A city all of beauty and delight ;  
Where every gem its own soft radiance blends,  
The gates all pearl, the causeway pure and bright,  
In perfect splendour—there shall never night,  
Nor pain, nor death, nor separation be,  
But life, and joy, and immortality,  
In ceaseless and unclouded bands unite ;  
And there the stream of life shall glide along  
Midst lovelier shades than earth has ever seen,  
In brighter fields than yet have lived in song,  
Or phantasy has deem'd of vivid green.  
And Paradisal fruits shall grow, and flowers,  
All amaranthine, twine around those bowers.

CITY OF PEACE ! there shall EMANUEL reign,  
And in white robes the saints inhabit there.  
Nothing impure shall e'er admittance gain,  
But followers of the Lamb, in mansions fair,  
With crowns of light, who, in the days of care,

Wore, like their Lord, once diadems of thorn ;  
Now they exchange the despite and the scorn  
For glory and for bliss beyond compare.  
Their God their temple and unsetting sun ;  
Darkness, and gloom, and death, are o'er, and none,  
None shall again the meed of trespass bear.  
Here, we have gazed upon some much-loved face,  
But while we mark'd how lovely it appear'd,  
The canker-worm of sickness marr'd the grace,  
And it has faded ; we have looked, and fear'd,  
And wept, and felt how heart with heart entwines ;  
But where that NEW CELESTIAL CITY shines,  
Sickness can never come, but all endear'd  
By earthly or by heavenly love shall be  
Fresh and unchanging as eternity.

PATMOS ! in thee such visions pass no more,  
No Christian prophet now in thee remains ;  
But superstition rests upon thy shore,  
And cruelty, deep cruelty, enchains  
Thy habiters—yet ever wilt thou be  
A land all haunted to the Christian eye,  
And 'mid thy towering cliffs and rocks, to me,  
Mysterious visions still seem passing by.  
Beautiful clime ! Who that hath seen the urn  
Of solar or of lunar light arise,

While under and above the red clouds burn  
And form majestic portals in the skies,  
Of topaz, emerald, jacinth, every hue,  
Thy sapphire-rippled sea, lucid and blue,  
And ruby, and each tint beside that dyes  
The orient gem, but would to-day behold  
In phantasy the City of the Blest,  
Its portals, and its walls, its bowers of rest,  
And scenes like those of which the saint has told.

## THE BROKEN CIRCLE.

ANNA E. DIED 17TH OCTOBER, 1831.

TALK of retirement—Academic shades—  
The student's chamber and the midnight lamp—  
The storied hall, where Learning holds her court?  
There is a place which teaches better far,  
Where some have learn'd who never learn'd before ;  
And all who in that solemn sanctuary  
Read—and read rightly—the deep book unveil'd,  
Bear wisdom high and sanctified away ;—  
It is THE SILENT CHAMBER OF THE DEAD !  
There have I now been taught—ah, painfully !—  
But grant me, Gracious Spirit ! by whose aid  
Alone all teaching profits, that the shaft,  
Piercing the heart, may bring diviner health.

In all I suffer, and by all I do,  
Whether by life or death,—oh, be Thy Name,  
Eternal Father, glorified in me ;  
If I have learn'd, far less to fix my thoughts

On transient, frail, and perishable things,  
Having more treasure, and my heart in heaven,—  
Then would I bless Thee, though with bitter tears ;  
If I have learn'd, with a more vivid faith,  
To realise another world—unseen,  
Yet certain and eternal, and my home,—  
Then would I bless Thee, though with spirit torn :  
If I have drawn from this a golden balm  
Of heavenly consolation, wherewithal  
I, too, may heal another's heart,—I then  
Desire to bless and glorify Thy Name.  
Take me, oh, take me all—Thine, Thine I am,—  
Purchased by Thee—my body, spirit, soul,  
Bought with a price, I dare not call my own.

Would it be wisdom in a summer bower  
To hang our love upon a transient rose,  
Making it part and parcel of our hearts,  
And, when it died, sink into hopeless grief?  
Would it be wise, to watch the evening tints  
Of golden summer, and to weep their change?  
To love the harmless lightning, and to turn,  
Mourning that darkness open'd for its tomb?  
Yet how much wiser is it, to be wrapt  
In the possession of frail mortal clay,  
Fair and all beauteous though it be, and bright  
With love and smiles, which ever beam'd for us,—  
When in a little hour the treasure flies,

And leaves us wretched in a lonely world?  
No! Let us love the imperishable soul—  
That flame which lent the lamp its lovely light,  
And may depart awhile, but cannot die;—  
This is true wisdom, and more worthy love.  
Yet how have I done this? Ah, I have loved—  
How dearly loved—that fair and faded form,  
Whose loss I mourn. She lived within my soul;  
Her voice melodious cheer'd me, and her smile  
Seem'd gentle sunshine in a cloudy world.

Well! thou art in a happier home than mine,  
Though peace and sweet affection mingled there;  
And an Almighty Parent shields thee now,  
With higher conservance than I could give.  
I could not say, "From henceforth weep no more,—  
Thy life shall be a long and cloudless day;  
No shaft of harm shall touch thee, never pain  
Molest thy bosom, sickness never come,  
Nor sorrow pierce thy heart; loving and loved,  
No disappointment shade thy brow, no scorn,  
No bitterness await thee, where, perhaps,  
Thou didst anticipate most perfect joy;  
Happy and ever glad, thy path with flowers  
Shall all along be strewn, till, at the last,  
Sweet, peaceful, noiseless death shall bear thee home."  
Ah! different, far different from this,  
Thy pathway might have been, but now thy God

Doth bid thee weep no more—doth bid pure joy,  
 Sacred and ever fresh, to flow for thee ;  
 Doth bid thee flourish, in celestial bloom,  
 In Heaven's Eternal Garden, and where Death  
 Can never come. Should I not joy for this,  
 Rather than sorrow? Truly, Reason should,  
 And Reason would were Faith without a cloud ;  
 But the torn heart weeps, rent affections weep,  
 A blank is in the spirit, and the pang,  
 Too keenly felt, forbids the calm compare.

Ah! may not Fancy picture that, my child,  
 Newly arrived in Heaven, the seraph hands  
 Of those who loved me once, and love me still,  
 And who have long dwelt in those happy plains,—  
 May welcome her, and lead her to the Fount  
 Of Joy; teaching the new inhabitant  
 What they have learn'd, fondly and tenderly  
 (For that the child was mine), instructing her

Love In ~~hence~~ celestial? Yes, methinks it may.

The funeral morn, the world arrays in clouds—  
 The bridal, it attires in flowers and smiles.  
 Yet who that argues rightly, but would change  
 Their different characters—the cloud and smile?  
 This, amidst all its tears, speaks of repose,  
 Rest from earth's labours, and an entrance full  
 Of holy triumph to a deathless world,  
 That speaks of cares in prospect, where the heart,

Alive to pain, shall, in extended forms,  
Be vulnerable through the hearts we love.  
Sickness may enter, and the young bloom fade  
From the loved cheek, spring after spring be dried,  
And the pierced breast bleed many times and deep.

And should I wish thee this? Should I recall  
Thy gentle spirit to a world of care,  
To walk some years of mortal life with me,  
Because thou wast a solace to my life,  
And, when we part, that thou shouldst weep for me,  
And feel the rending which I suffer now?  
'Twere cruel selfishness, unlike to Love!

Ah, how much more of rugged than of smooth,  
Of shade than sun, of blight than summer sky,—  
Have I endured along my earthly path?  
How often has my page been written, "Pain—  
Pain, anxious pain, and gloomy, cloudy days!"  
And should I wish thee back again for this?  
No! rather in that ever-shining realm  
Remain; and, when the task appointed me  
I, too, have finish'd, may I join thee there,  
In the bright presence of thy God and mine.  
Yes, thou hast gain'd, and yet I can but weep!  
Well! if the Prophet at the car of fire,  
Which bore his master gloriously away,  
In solitary mourning rent his clothes:—  
Nay, more; if Jesus wept at Bethany,

Over the grave of Lazarus, whom He loved,  
Sure I may weep, whose mortal sight is veil'd  
By dark corruption and the silent tomb.

Thou art my elder now, born before me  
In that diviner state, knowing far more—  
Ah, truly, how far more!—than any here,  
Of all which angels love to look into.

Oh, vain and idle learning of the schools,  
Which man, puff'd up with, deems himself so wise!  
One toils in many tongues, and having gain'd  
A score of languages, arrives at last  
At an old age of learning; then comes Death,  
And, in a little moment, shews a state  
Where words are useless—poor, imperfect things,  
Meant for the slow conveyance of our thoughts  
In this dull world. But there thought kindles thought,  
And intellect with intellect combines  
Without uncertain speech, lighting the flame  
Of mutual intercourse in perfect souls.

Another dives in Nature's chemic mines,  
Studies affinities, and powers of drugs,  
Or marks the journeying of celestial orbs,  
And learns their laws. Him, too, his fellow-men  
Consider somewhat; but that seraph babe,  
Whose loss I weep, perhaps knows more than he.

Doth earthly love remain in heavenly minds?  
Or is the circle of endearment formed

To gladden earth, extinct beyond the grave?  
True, the relations of the parent, child,  
Brother, or husband, are not needed there,—  
Yet may not those sweet sympathies remain?  
Yes, surely. If the Providence of God  
Forms, as we read, one theme of heavenly praise,  
Then, to review, to turn, and to recount  
Each step we took, must be employment meet  
For that blest world. And how can we recount,  
Unless remembering? and remembering, know  
Each other there? and knowing, we must love.

Ah, I would pray to feel that thou, my child,  
Mine in time past, art still mine evermore;  
I cannot lose thee, though cold Death between  
Roll his dark silent river, on that shore,  
I shall rejoin and clasp thee yet again,  
Dear to my soul as ever thou wast here.

What a drear blank has thy departure made!  
As if all joy had now departed too.  
Do I in summer bower feel the glad sun,  
The garden's sweet perfume, serene repose?—  
I turn to gaze, and miss thee from my side;  
Then all the sweet illusion fades to pain.  
Do I beside the peaceful winter hearth  
Rest after toil?—my heart then looks for thee,  
As it was wont. Oh, what a chill reply  
Thy vacant seat and silenced voice return!

How can I see the flowers thou used to cull,  
And, laughing in thy light, infantine dance,  
Place in thy bosom, thou thyself as fair  
As were the roses, and as gay as shone  
The radiant sunbeams on thy summer play ;  
How can I see again without a pang,  
This, and much more, once wont to give delight ?  
Spring that brings general gladness to the earth,  
Brings pain to me, when I recall the past,  
That the last spring-tide thou wast bounding light  
Along these walks,—and now the sepulchre  
Holds thee imprison'd, to be here no more.  
Yet let me pause, and think,—yes, let me think,  
These faint enjoyments of a twilight world  
Remain my portion ; while the noon of Heaven  
Sheds pure, unmingled brilliance over thine ;  
Oh, how the spirit pants to know the full  
Of this, and, like a bird but newly caught,  
Flutters, and beats her wings against the cage,  
Sees the bright sun, and struggles to be free.

Why should the insect, crawling o'er the leaf,  
Lament her sister, whom chrysaline change  
Hath deck'd with beauteous wings, and, seraph-like,  
Ranges through summer fields, and nectar'd cups  
Of flowers unnumber'd ? Then let me rather,  
Smiling amidst my tears, serenely say,—  
Sweet child, I might desire to go to thee

But would not, frail and erring though I am,  
Recall thee to this lower world again.

I would possess unhesitating faith,  
Which views, with certain and undoubting sight,  
Distant, invisible realities.

I would perceive her form amidst the throng  
Of spirits glorified in yonder world ;  
This were a sovereign cordial to the heart,  
This would make sighs congratulating smiles,  
THOU, who ascending from the broken tomb,  
Brought'st life and immortality to man ;  
Oh, grant me this,—grant faith, unclouded faith,  
And light my darken'd soul with heavenly rays !  
“ Lord Jesus, come ! come quickly.” This resounds  
From every waiting heart—“ Come, quickly come ! ”  
The slumbering dust appears to echo back,  
For Thee creation waits, waits for Thy power  
To bring to earth the new Jerusalem.

How many years have yet to roll away  
Ere man shall put immortal glory on ?  
Corruption changed to incorruption, Death  
In endless life be swallow'd up and die ?  
What beauteous scenes await this ransom'd world,  
Fancy may deem she reads in prophecy,  
But colder Reason hesitates to draw ;  
Some think earth's elements shall sport and play  
Beneath the sceptre of Emanuel ;

Girdled by one unbroken zone of Love,  
Pure, bright, luxuriant, renovated, free ;  
The fellest beasts put gentlest natures on,  
Danger no longer lurk, nor death be found,  
Nor sickness blast, nor sin inflict a stain.  
Then (as they say) the sea shall be no more,  
But undulating vales and flowery hills,  
Rich fields, and gardens, deck the ocean bed ;  
And hymn of harvest-home sound by the rocks,  
Once only vocal with the seaman's wail  
And dying shrieks of shipwreck'd mariners ;  
And that revolving centuries shall smile  
In the rejoicing of celestial reign ;  
I would not yield the bridle to these dreams,  
Haply, they may, or they may not, be true.  
This know I only,—God hath this reveal'd,  
Absent from flesh, His saints shall view their Lord,  
Whose brightness no humanity could bear ;  
And the raised body, perfect, spiritual,  
Endure the splendour of divinity.  
I shall be satisfied, when I awake,  
In immortality resembling Him.

Lord Jesus, come ! come quickly ! Haste Thy day,  
End Time, and bring Eternity and Heaven.

## FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

I LOVE not that dark piety which shades  
All Life's bright flowing streams, and flowery glades,  
Which spurns at smiles, and only loves to sigh,  
Which seeks for thorns, and casts the roses by.  
RELIGION is all lovely and serene,  
Peace in her bosom, beauty in her mien,  
Smiles on her lips, and sunlight on her brow,  
Safe for eternity, and happy now.

A form, men call Religion, walks the earth,  
From whencesoe'er, Heaven never gave her birth ;  
Pale is her face, her eye is sunk and dim,  
Trembling her step, and palsied every limb.  
Scourges, and thorns, and penance form her creed,  
And her hope rises, as her torn nerves bleed.  
Her name is SUPERSTITION, and she dwells  
Midst beads, and forms, and rosaries, and spells,

'Tis she beguiles the monk from midnight sleep,  
At altars chill to bow, and pray, and weep,  
That clouds his spirit, and that firmly clings  
Around his heart, and blights his earthly things.  
Sinking and worn, he fades, he pines away,  
His drear life ends, he takes his bed of clay,  
Yet from his cradle to his last abode,  
He met not pure Religion on the road.

True—Sorrow oft-times overshades the breast,  
And chills the heart, that God indeed hath blest ;  
But there's a calm the pure in Spirit know,  
Which softens sorrow, and which sweetens woe ;  
But there's a peace, that dwells within the soul,  
When all around the clouds of tempest roll ;  
But there's a light, which gilds the darkest hour  
When dangers threaten, and when tempests lower.  
That calm to FAITH, and HOPE, and LOVE is given,  
That peace remains when all beside is riven,  
That light shines down to Man direct from Heaven.

Religion ! oh what happiness is thine,  
How bright thy smiles, how sweet, how fair they shine :  
If even sorrow owns thy sunny light,  
In hours of peace how more divinely bright !  
Thou roamest by the streams, and woods, and fields,  
Tastest the pleasure that all Nature yields,

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Hearest the warbling of the birds, that sing  
In gladness to their Maker and their King ;  
And as the flocks and herds beside thee play,  
Canst feel a heart as light and pure as they ;  
Mingle thy joys with theirs, and from the sod  
To heaven's high arch, see all-pervading God ;  
Lean on His arm, repose beneath His eye,  
Happy to live, and confident to die :  
Secure in every age and every place,  
For He fills endless time and boundless space.

Yes, in yon little distant twinkling star,  
That glimmers faintly tremulantly far,  
A speck of radiance, and a point of light,  
That half appears, and half eludes the sight,  
God reigns ; that atom is a world like ours,  
With seas and mountains, vales and fields and flowers,  
And thus, in all things, God is ever seen,  
Himself unchanging through each changing scene,  
HE is around, His hand is ever near,  
To ward a danger and to calm a fear ;  
Through HIM the Christian every danger braves,  
Trusts his frail bark, nor dreads the threatening waves.

The gladsome mariner, in joyance light,  
While daylight smiles, and pleasure's sun shines bright,  
Borne by soft airs on summer seas along,  
Trims his gay bark and carols many a song.

But if the sun withdraw, and clouds arise,  
And storms and thunder frown along the skies,  
His spirits droop, his song is heard no more,  
And his heart sickens at the tempest's roar.

Such is the confidence vain man enjoys,  
Who trusts alone to earth, and earthly toys ;  
While hours are prosperous, all is well and fair,  
But in the tempest, nothing save despair.

FAITH lightens every earthly lot, and sees  
In all, her Father's guidance and decrees :  
Walks in her path of thorns, while HE sustains,  
Sings in her griefs, and smiles amidst her pains.  
She cheers the martyr with deep torture riven,  
And gilds the bed of death with beams from Heaven ;  
Turns her keen eye far back, and brings anew  
Gethsemane and Calvary to view.  
The darkest road that she hath ever trod,  
She knows was once the pathway of her God,  
" The pain I feel," she sings, " He knew full well,  
And all my need He suffer'd and can tell,  
No cup of sorrow in my hand is placed,  
But He himself first proved its bitter taste ;  
And not one grief I bear, or ever bore,  
But He hath felt that self-same grief before."

Thou Heavenly Watcher in a night forlorn,  
Sittest in darkness waiting for the morn ;

Thou canst perceive, not dimly, though afar,  
The glimmering radiance of the morning-star.  
And its pure beam smiles comfort to thy fear,  
Darts through the gloom, and gilds the falling tear.

HOPE, though the threatening storm before her lowers,  
Paints a fair rainbow on the falling showers,  
And o'er the path her feet have yet to go  
Sees fair fields bloom and gentle rivers flow :  
Gentler than Faith, but from a source as pure,  
Looks to her God and trusts her rest is sure.

And thou, the fairer sister—seraph LOVE,  
Soul-cheering visitant from realms above,  
Labour is light with thee, and sorrow sweet,  
Danger we court, and hail the toils we meet.  
Where thou art found, no discontentment lowers,  
The skies are bright, the fields are clothed with flowers.  
With thee the poor are rich, the bond are free,  
And beauties others see not beam for thee.

With FAITH, to see a God though tempests lower,  
With LOVE, to bend in gladness to His power,  
It little matters, whether good or ill,  
Or high or low, the station that we fill.  
Our spring of happiness is all within,  
And unassailable except by sin.

Sin wins us with a smile, its flattering beam  
Tempts us to launch upon the summer stream ;  
No terror threatens, and no tempest lowers,  
The flood all ripples, and the bank all flowers,  
Joy dances on the wave, the breeze flits by,  
And one fair azure blooms along the sky.

Borne by the tide insensibly along,  
The banks grow wider, and the stream more strong,  
Then down the current furiously driven,  
Storms swell the deep, and clouds obscure the heaven,  
• Whirlpools and rocks await him as he flies,  
The sea engulphs him, and the adventurer dies.

This triple braid of happiness divine  
Which FAITH, and HOPE, and CHARITY entwine,  
To wear, along man's pilgrimaga below,  
Is the best wisdom fallen man can know.  
An amulet of peace, which bears a charm  
To render harmless all the shafts of harm.

## MEMENTO MORI.

MILLIONS of feet entraversed here,  
Where are their parted spirits?  
Each in a dark or glorious sphere  
His own reward inherits :  
Where they have fled we soon shall fly,  
And join them in eternity.

The crowds who earth's arena tread,  
Each busy in his station,  
Are few, compared with all the dead  
Of every age and nation :  
The world of life counts millions o'er,  
That of the dead hath many more.

It is a solemn thought that we,  
Life's little journey rounded,  
Must launch upon that endless sea,  
Which shore hath never bounded :  
A sea of happiness and love,  
Or gulphs below and clouds above.

A Holy Judge, a righteous doom,  
A bar where none dissemble ;  
A short quick passage to the tomb,—  
How should we stop and tremble !  
Great God ! as years pass swiftly by,  
Write on each heart, "Thou—thou must die!"

## THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

OFt, when I've seen a rising ground,  
With bowery leafage shadow'd round ;  
Where groups of forest roses twine,  
With foxglove and with sweet woodbine ;  
Where overhead the arch-boughs meet,  
And violets bloom beneath the feet,—  
Oh, I have thought—surpassing fair,  
Had but that spot a house of prayer,  
A roof amidst the enchanted dell,  
All hallow'd to Emmanuel !  
Yes, when amidst the grove of green  
The church's snow-white spire is seen,  
The portal and the step of stone,  
The walls to adoration known,—  
How holy, how dear, does the spot appear !  
The fairest of heaven and earth are here :  
The sweetest below and the sweetest above,  
Nature's fair form and a Saviour's love.

In a covert like this what prayers might rise !  
What notes of praise might reach the skies !

Notes as soft as a summer even,  
Notes with less of earth than heaven ;  
Hymnings that might seem to be  
Sweet celestial minstrelsy.

True, not the storm-flood trouble pours  
Can quench a Christian's joy ;  
Within the prison-walls it soars  
To Heaven without alloy :  
Though all the furious spite of men  
Would crush it, it shines brightly then.  
Yet, in a spot so still, so fair,  
That Peace might choose her haven there,  
How sweet the house of praise and prayer !  
Sorrow will cause the heart to pray ;  
But oh, how lovelier is the sound,  
When notes of happiness rebound,  
Where all is beautiful around,  
Amidst the summer ray !

## THE DEPARTING SPIRIT.

FAREWELL! thou vase of splendour,  
I need thy light no more;  
No brilliance canst thou render  
The world to which I soar.

Nor sun nor moonbeam brightens  
Those regions with a ray,  
But God Himself enlightens  
Their one eternal day.

Farewell! sweet Nature, waving  
With fruits and flowerets fair,  
Of thee but little craving  
Of what thou well canst spare.

Only an earthly pillow  
To bear my death-cold head,  
And the turf and drooping willow  
To deck my lowly bed.

The world where I am going  
Has fairer fruits than thine,  
Life-rivers ever flowing,  
And skies that ever shine.

Farewell! each dearest union,  
That bless'd my earthly hours;  
We yet shall hold communion  
In amaranthine bowers.

The love that seems forsaken,  
When friends in death depart,  
In Heaven again shall waken,  
And repossess the heart.

The harps of Heaven steal o'er me,  
I see the jasper wall,  
Jesus who pass'd before me,  
And God the Judge of all.

So sang the parting spirit,  
While round flow'd many a tear,  
Then spread her wings to inherit  
Her throne in yonder sphere.

WHAT DOST THOU HERE, ELIJAH?

I KINGS, xix. 13.

OH! for some lovely forest dell,  
The turf with flowerets spread;  
Perennial fruits, a plenteous well,  
Thick leafage overhead:  
A home of peace, retirement fair,  
And those I love all with me there.

When orient clouds o'erspread the dawn,  
To praise, to read, to pray;  
When evening sunbeams gild the lawn,  
To hymn the parting day;  
When noonday suns shine bright above,  
To give the hours,  
All wreathed with flowers,  
To mutual friendship and to love;

And when the moon walks through the night,  
To lull my breast,  
With holy rest,  
As soft and tranquil as her light !

In such a home, on such a spot,  
Friendship and peace within ;  
Methinks I had as fair a lot,  
As Eden, ere the first foul blot  
Of death-producing sin.  
And yet, methinks, were all as fair  
As fancy could inspire,  
Were all to win and charm me there,  
And nothing that could tire ;  
I could not still my thought, and say,  
" I now am happy, let the world  
By sin and ignorance be hurl'd  
To ruin as it may."  
For I should heave a fearful sigh,  
To think of all I had enjoy'd,  
While opportunities pass'd by,  
And talents slumber'd unemploy'd.

Oh ! while a single spot of ground  
Exists, or near or far,  
Where THOU, my SAVIOUR, art not found  
The sinner's guiding star ;

While yet a single soul remains,  
Fetter'd in superstition's chains ;  
Let me not quit this busy field,  
    Till the fight be done,  
    And the battle won,  
And the conquer'd empire yield.

Earth is a state of toil and fear,  
    Heaven is a region ever fair :  
Give me some post of combat here,  
    Rest, and eternal joyance there.

## CONSCIENCE.

THERE is a nighttime of the soul,  
When tempests rest and storm-clouds roll ;  
The troubled spirit looks on high,  
But thunder lowers along the sky ;  
It turns to earth and looks around,  
But not a refuge there is found ;  
Frighted, it turns its eye within,  
And sees a loathsome heart of sin :  
God seems to frown upon its grief,  
And man can give it no relief.

And were it not, that hope is given  
To every soul beneath the heaven,  
And were it not, a Saviour's veins  
Flow'd to assuage these deadly pains,  
No soul could long endure the woe,  
When all above and all below,

And all without and all within,  
Seem leagued to be the scourge of sin.  
It is, as though the sinner's doom  
Waited not for the sealing tomb ;  
It is as though the sting of hell  
Within a living heart might dwell.

Blessed be God for the rainbow of peace,  
That over the hill of Calvary bends ;  
And bids the storm and the thunder cease,  
And smiles as the penitent tear descends :  
The rainbow of peace, that in such an hour,  
Made by the sun of a Saviour's love,  
Arches the sweet repentant shower,  
And lightens the threatening storm above.  
Never, oh never, within the heart,  
Be a thought that would make this peace depart,  
For who that has felt the asp-like pain  
Would yield himself to sin again ?

1 THESSALONIANS, v. 16.

WHY are the meadows gay with flowers,  
And fair with silver streams?  
Why are the valleys moist with showers,  
And bright with summer beams?  
Why is the face of Nature glad?  
And he, who most of all might be  
Happy, e'en to satiety,  
Alone cast down and sad?

The herds repose with hearts at rest,  
For God has given them peace;  
And sure, within the Christian's breast  
Anxiety might cease;  
And as he treads the way along,  
Which leads him to his home on high,  
Instead of mourning and a sigh,  
Might raise some pilgrim's song.

E

Strike the light harp ! bid grief depart,—  
Let sinners mourn and wail ;  
He need not bear a heavy heart,  
Though all on earth should fail ;  
But, if a sigh and tear be due  
For every blessing of the way, .  
Weep, Christian, for indeed you may  
Let tears your path bedew.

## THE LAST DAY.

It is the summer's noontide hour,  
The earth is clad with many a flower ;  
The bright stream rolls its sparkling breast,  
On full-blown sweets the wild bees rest ;  
The dragonet winnows her gauzy wings,  
The butterfly rests on the cheek of the rose,  
In the warm blue sky the skylark sings ;  
And Nature is all repose.

Calm is the water, fair is the lea,  
The south wind ripples the summer sea ;  
The mariner gaily sets his sail,  
To catch the breath of the downy gale,—  
His graceful bark goes lightly by,  
In emerald sea and sapphire sky ;  
No pirate galley arm'd for wrong,  
Nor war-ship, sails those seas along :  
The spear-point and the sabre now  
Have form'd the pruning-hook and plough.  
It is Emmanuel's heavenly reign,  
And war shall ne'er be known again.

Fair are the fields and bright the skies,  
His daily task the peasant plies,  
The flocks and herds in slumber lie,  
The shepherd sings a hymn-note by;  
Through the calm the sweet sounds swell,  
And this the song  
That floats along  
The sunny mead and shady dell:

“ Shine on, fair sun, thy beams are bright,  
Flowers bloom below, joy reigns above;  
But what were all that brings delight,  
Were I without a Saviour's love?

“ The sun in azure fields might roll,  
And not a cloud obscure his ray;  
Yet darkness dwell upon my soul,  
His beams could never chase away.

“ Poor are the words, and weak the strain,  
His boundless mercy to repay,  
But I shall raise my song again,  
With higher powers, in brighter day.”

Sweet and calm is the noontide hour;  
Through many a dell and forest bower,  
Of woodbine and of wild red rose,  
On the village bridal goes.

Youth and Beauty, arm in arm,  
Circled in a mutual charm ;  
Whom the dreams of Love beguile  
    In the fields of Time to see  
Years that meet them with a smile,  
    Years of pleasure yet to be.

Trust not stillness !—On the day,  
    Ere the sulphury storm begun  
That swept Gomorrah's towers away,  
    Bright on Zoar rose the sun.  
Have you not, Believer, read,  
    In an hour so sweetly calm  
Nature might seem clothed in balm,  
The Trump may sound that wakes the dead ?

That fearful moment to portray,  
No mortal harp could weave a lay ;  
TIME will bring it in his flight,  
As a robber in the night,  
Unexpected and unknown,  
Save in HIS decrees alone ;  
Who will suddenly appear,  
And raise the throne of judgment here :  
Yet, if ready we should be,  
We shall with joy HIS coming see.

## THE THUNDERSTORM.

PSALM XXIX.

Sons of the Mighty, pause and fear !

Jehovah's power proclaim,

The glory of His state revere,

And bow before His Name.

His watery car is rolling by,

And hark ! His voice of Majesty

Divides the forks of flame :

He blasts the cedar, burns the oak,

And cleaves the mountain with a stroke.

He lays the forest thickets bare,

And lights the shade profound ;

The deer, that crept for refuge there,

Springs from the burning ground ;

The lion in his secret den

Moans with instinctive terror then,

And crouches at the sound !

He knows his Maker's voice, and hides  
In his deep caverns inmost hides.

Amidst the storm Jehovah reigns,  
And guards His people's weal ;  
He holds the lightnings fast in chains,  
Though all creation reel ;  
And those whom He will deign to keep  
May lay them down in peace and sleep,  
Nor fear the threatening peal :  
Assured, beneath His shielding arm,  
Danger is safe and tumult calm.

## SERENE DEATH.

If I might choose how I should die,  
And pass above,  
It were with those companions by  
Whom most I love ;  
And if a tear fell on my face  
From some fond eye,  
I would it fell inspired by grace,  
By faith each sigh :  
So that the pang weak creatures feel  
When friends depart,  
A moment o'er the face might steal,  
Scarce reach the heart.  
Near me a soft, low voice should raise  
Some holy air—  
Some farewell vesper song of praise,  
Or verse of prayer.  
It were a pleasant thing to think,  
In yon bright seat,

The sounds I heard on earth's last brink  
    Were hymn-notes sweet,—  
The links of Nature gently falling,  
    The soul all calm,  
Here nothing could be found appalling,  
    Death like a balm !  
In death like this to pass away,  
    How sweet a thing,  
And even in Death's grasp to say,  
    Death has no sting !

## AFFLICTION.

WHAT causes the freshness which gives the flower  
Its scent and its summer hue ?  
It came in the dark and midnight hour,  
In drops of heavenly dew ;  
So, often in sorrow the soul receives  
An influence from above,  
Which beauty, and sweetness, and freshness gives,  
To Patience, and Faith, and Love.

But the sun is high, and the dew is dry,  
And the flower has lost its bloom ;  
Its bell droops low, and the passer-by  
Perceives no sweet perfume :  
So, like again to the drooping flower,  
In the sunshine of fortune's ray,  
The graces that bloom'd in a darksome hour  
Have faded and pass'd away.

## MAMOOD I.

In a Persian History of Hindoostan it is related of Mamood I. that he enjoyed through his life uninterrupted prosperity, and attained to riches and power, which made it exceedingly painful for him to die and relinquish them. Knowing himself to be dying, two days before his death he directed that all the sacks of gold and caskets of precious stones which were in the treasury should be placed before him; when he beheld them, as with regret he wept, ordering them to be carried back to the treasury. He commanded the day following a review of his army, his elephants, camels, horses, and chariots; with which having feasted his eyes for some time from his travelling throne, he again burst into tears and retired in grief to his palace.

AND is it thus, thou treacherous world!

Where are thy glories now?

No gay deception ever whirl'd,

From off the stage as thou!

A dream will fade at break of day,

Passing for real things away,

But thou, unreal cheat! wilt flee

For worse than unreality.

Oh, what a friend art thou! to dwell

With man, when all is safe and well,

But when he most has need of aid,  
When health, and life, and spirit fade,  
To fly and leave him ;—but before  
    Thou fliest, plant a venom'd sting,  
    That, piercing deep, will anguish bring  
Into his very core.

Will not remembrance of thy smile,  
    Of prosperous years pass'd gaily by,  
That gloomy, awful hour beguile,  
    Lighten the bitter task to die ?  
No, the bright past, like meteor's glare,  
Passing, leaves tenfold darkness there,  
A long and an impervious night,  
Without or peace, or hope, or light.

Those sacks of gold were vainly spread,—  
Hard pillows for a dying bed !  
And all the glare of war's array,  
Poor comfort for a dying day !  
The cotter, who, with failing eye,  
Sees the cold, dreaded hour draw nigh,  
And all his little joys depart,  
Though haply with a sinking heart,  
May win an envious wish from thee,  
Death-struck, soul-tortured majesty !

The veriest slave that crouch'd below  
Thy frown and spirit-breaking blow ;  
The meanest creature of thy train,  
    Yes ! even he,  
    Wouldst thou not be,  
For power to turn to life again ?  
Ah ! what most despicable things  
    Makes CONSCIENCE of the boldest hearts,  
    When crimes whose crimson ne'er departs,  
Before the eye she brings !  
Rank cannot charm her, nor a crown  
Calm the toss'd heart that feels her frown.

Who can conceive the whole, that's meant  
    In those few words " MY PEACE I GIVE,"  
    Peace that will cheer us while we live,  
And make us die content :—  
Content—for if when death be o'er,  
    A death of peace, and faith, and joy,  
    The Spirit leaves earth's base alloy,  
And live to die no more—  
If it be thus, who would not be  
    Content to change  
    All in earth's range  
For unstain'd blest eternity ?

Ah, world! (and by the world, I mean  
Vice, pride, and pomp, and all their train,  
That pass across this changing scene,)  
Ah, treacherous world! thy loss is gain.  
Give me, thou lovely earth, a rest  
In some green woodland, where no sound  
Other than rural may be found,  
And there, with those I love the best,  
Life tranquilly should pass away,  
Blessing and blest, till even gray  
Gentle would come, then down the west  
My sun would sink, but sink to rise  
Cloudless and bright,  
In deathless light,  
In pure, celestial, changeless skies.

## THE FIRST SABBATH.

"When the morning-stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy."—JOB.

ONCE a glorious morning beam'd,  
Brighter never yet has been ;  
When the sun his first light stream'd  
O'er a world unstain'd by sin.

When the mighty work was done,  
And the seventh morn arose,  
When the first sabbatic sun  
Lit the hours of repose,

Oh, with what a loud acclaim,  
Then the sons of morning sang !  
To the glory of Thy name,  
All the heavenly chancel rang.

Then the thrones, with harps of light,  
Struck with mighty chord thy praise ;

Hymning to Thy power and might,  
ANCIENT OF ETERNAL DAYS.

But, a Sabbath shall arise,  
Even than the first more bright,  
When the morning of the skies  
Breaks the long and dreary night.

Lovelier, for in that sweet hour  
Ransom'd souls shall stand above ;  
And these bright stars that sang His power  
Shall join and add redeeming love.

## THE DECEITFULNESS OF SIN.

HEBREWS, III. 13.

WITH glittering scales of green and gold,  
And eyes of ruby ray,  
Encoil'd in many a graceful fold,  
A deadly serpent lay.  
Above his head, the blooming flower  
Form'd a fair and perfumed bower ;  
The summer sun shone bright and warm,  
And heighten'd his colour, and mark'd his form.  
If colour and form may tempt thee there,  
Place in thy bosom that thing so fair,  
And gather the rose  
That over it blows,  
And the lovely trophy wear.

“ No colour nor form, nor the eyes' bright ray,  
Nor the rose-flower's perfumed breath,  
Would tempt me,” methinks I hear thee say,  
“ To clasp to my bosom—Death !

F

That serpent's venom'd fang will pierce,  
With torment fiery and fierce."

Oh, then remember!—when all is fair  
As that bed of flowers and serpent there,  
Pleasure thy soul with smiles would win  
To the fair, but fatal paths of sin:

Oh then—oh then—beware!  
Beware!—for not so fell in truth  
Is the poison'd barb of the serpent's tooth,  
As guilty pleasure's snare.

## THE NIGHT OF EDEN.

How soft is night! How fair the full moon glances  
O'er yon dark cavern'd cliff and bowery tree!  
How bright, in many-rippled gold, it dances  
On the calm bosom of that summer sea!

No sound is stirring, save the light wave plashing,  
As on the beach it sinks and falls away;  
Or o'er a rock some playful billow dashing,  
Breaks into sparkling gem-drops all its spray.

The boatman, through the golden ocean gliding,  
Trills the gay song of pleasure and delight;  
And in due cadence falls the oar, dividing  
His pathway in the field of lunar light.

In the deep cave sits SOLITUDE, reposing  
Beneath its lichen crown on mossy seat;  
And Fancy there, her fairy gates unclosing,  
Leads heavenly visions through that still retreat.

On such a night, when that soft moon was shining  
O'er lovelier scenes than Earth can boast to-day,

The first of all mankind reposed reclining,  
Within a bower of sweets now pass'd away.

Eden's fair rivers were serenely laving,  
The shadowy forest's mingled palm and rose ;  
And all was still, save where the Life-tree waving,  
ITHURIEL sat and sang them to repose.

"Peace to your slumbers, favourites of Heaven !  
Light dreams enchant you, and sweet rest renew ;  
To us, the eldest born of God, is given  
Less honour than (the youngest born) to you.

"Though evil spirits all around are lurking,  
Sleep safely on, nor bear a thought of fear ;  
Though your worst woe they gladly would be working,  
They will not dare to tempt my lightning spear.

"Pure, pure as heaven, ere yet a single spirit  
Felt one unholy thought or wish arise,  
May you, in peace, to endless years inherit  
This earth of verdure and these placid skies.

"Sweet sleep refresh you, and when morning breaking  
Lights up your bowers of fragrance with its rays,  
Oh, may your spirits, with its light awaking,  
Ascend to heaven in matin songs of praise !"

## PROSPERITY.

SAIL on, sail on, thou lovely bark,  
O'er the soft and sunny sea!  
The bright waves break, and many a spark  
Forms a path of gems for thee.  
The sky is blue, the sun is bright,  
The billows roll their heads in light,  
The downy west wind, gently pressing,  
Breathes prosperity and blessing;  
And joy, as it were, through the soft air glides,  
Smiles in the sunbeam, and parts the tides.

PROSPERITY! thy cloudless hours  
Are doubly bright, when we perceive  
Not only all thy sun and flowers,  
But HIM from whom we all receive,  
In the fair days of summer splendour,  
Prosperous airs and smiling seas.  
GOD OF OUR JOYS! how sweet to render  
Thanks to the hand that gave us these.

## INVOCATION.

BREATHE, some pure spirit ! o'er my heart,  
And touch my passions' trembling wires ;  
The music of the sky impart,  
Imagination's lambent fires,—  
Sounds of a higher, purer sphere,  
With exquisite refinement sweet,  
Fit for a gentle angel's ear,  
Breathing from thine ethereal seat.

Till, rapt in melody, the mind  
Die to the earth and wake in light,  
Leaving the gross afar behind  
In its imaginative flight ;  
Wafted on wings of sweetest sound,  
Beyond this dense, substantial air,  
I view the blest in heaven around,  
And live for some short moments there.

## THE MILLENNIUM.

It seems as if the summer sky  
Assumed a purer blue ;  
It seems as if the flow'ret's dye  
Put on a brighter hue ;  
It seems as if rough ocean's wave  
The bark could now but gently lave ;—  
A loveliness so soft, so fair,  
Pervades the earth, the sea, the air :  
Peace dwells below, and all above  
Bespeaks the heavenly reign of love.

EMMANUEL ! Thy sceptre bends  
O'er every land beneath the sun ;  
Where'er the track of man extends  
Have Thy sweet victories been won :  
Thy Cross has shone the cresset light  
To wandering man in storms of night ;  
And shown him, anxious and distrest,  
The haven of eternal rest.

Commerce ! not now, as once of old,  
Art thou the tool of vice for gold :  
The tears of woe, and blood of slaves,  
Not now, as once, pollute the waves—  
Food for soft vice and Pleasure's store  
Lade the polluted boards no more ;  
But every good that Nature yields,  
Rich fruits from gardens, food from fields,  
The treasures suns and showers dispense,  
Through all-pervading Providence ;  
Fruits of the mind, and many a store  
Of sacred and of human lore.

The arts and sciences combine,  
Saviour, to make the Empire Thine ;  
Painting portrays some holy thought,  
The airy group hath Sculpture wrought ;  
Song bids to HIM her lays aspire,  
And Music gives them warmer fire.  
Fancy and Reason, Strength and Art,  
Each bear their own, their several part ;  
The curse of war is past and o'er,  
The blade shall bathe in blood no more.

Within the cot, within the tower,  
Wherever we may roam ;  
In city, field, or summer bower,  
How sweet is every home :

Love and Religion mingling there,  
Make all alike around it fair ;  
The hymn floats softly through the vale,  
The scent of flowers is in the gale,  
Combining joy and summer sun,  
Perfume and music all in one.

Beam on ! beam on ! ye sacred hours,  
With joyance ever new ;  
No storm descends, no tempest lowers,  
No sorrow saddens you.  
This is the time so long foreseen,  
When ages roll'd their years between,—  
Thy reign, O PRINCE OF PEACE !  
Envy and strife and wrath have fled,  
The powers of sin seem bound or dead,  
And pain and sorrow cease :  
Oh, may it be an endless reign,  
Nor earth know other rule again !

**“MILLIONS OF SPIRITUAL BEINGS  
WALK THIS EARTH.”**

**MILTON.**

OfT, as through rural walks I stray,  
Or lone and silent sit at home ;  
I think—Along this quiet way,  
Or in this still and empty room,

How many here, on me may gaze,  
Of spirits dwelling now apart,  
With whom in far-departed days,  
I held communion heart to heart!

A friend's, a brother's, sister's eye,  
May watch me, though I know it not ;  
And angel footsteps wander by,  
And hold communion thought to thought.

Never could I the hope resign—  
The thought in Love's sweet creed so dear ;  
That those once mine are ever mine,  
Though gross material disappear.

The same soft smile, the tender care,  
The anxious wish, attend me still,  
And ministering spirits there  
Direct my feet away from ill.

Well ! with this thought I'll pass my days,  
Till I shall be a spirit too ;  
And watch, like them, the devious ways  
Of those whom once on earth I knew.

How sweet to guard the child I left,  
A wanderer yet on earth's low plain,  
To lead and shield a wife bereft,  
To cheer and soothe the heart's deep pain !

And often tarry here awhile,  
Ere life's swift flying hour be past ;  
When with a welcome speaking smile,  
I lead them home to heaven at last.

There with the myriads round the Throne,  
Love's little circle all entire ;  
Sound the loud song of highest tone,  
And ring the Seraph's harp of fire.

## THE MOTHER'S DEATH.

THE mother's eye was closing,  
The world had pass'd away;  
The spirit was composing  
To leave her cell of clay;  
Earth had not fully faded,  
The friends were felt around;  
Yet heaven the sense pervaded,  
And mix'd its unheard sound:  
A soft low voice was ringing  
Sweet cadence by her side,  
It seem'd the heavenly singing  
Of some angelic guide.

‘ While in infancy I wander’d,  
Thou didst watch my little feet;  
Oft my childhood thou hast ponder’d,  
Oft for me thy heart did beat.

“ On that bosom I have slumber'd,  
Thou hast sung me oft to rest ;  
Come, my mother, unincumber'd  
Rise, and join with me the blest.

“ Many years I here have tarried,—  
Years of joy no tongue can speak ;  
But I watch'd thee oft, and carried  
Aidance to thy soul when weak.

“ Come with me where flows the river  
From the everlasting Throne ;  
Where the Saviour is the Giver  
Of the joy there felt alone ! ”

Then Life had fully ended,  
The mother turn'd and smiled,  
Her soul to heaven ascended,  
Clasp'd by her angel-child.

## HOLY MEDITATION.

THERE is a power in holy thought  
That can entrance and raise the soul,  
When all inferior things seem nought,  
And God and Heaven possess the whole.

Such is the feeling, when withdrawn  
Far from the busy crowd of men,  
At eve, or morn, or early dawn,  
On forest bank or meadow lawn,  
We rest in sweet reflection : then  
Nature, all lovely, seems to bear  
The impress of her Maker there ;  
The birds of song, the flowers, the trees,  
The skies, the streams, the whispering breeze ;  
The beauty, that in thousand forms  
The heart to holy pleasure warms,

So soothe the spirit, that she seems  
Wrapp'd up in soft celestial dreams,  
And fain would rest in such a spot,  
Nor seek again  
The tumult vain,  
But Earth's deep cares permit her not.

Such is the feeling, when in prayer  
The contrite spirit kneels ;  
When HIM, her God, her Guardian, there  
Present with her she feels.  
Prayer to the wanderer here is given,  
The ladder that will reach to heaven,  
Like that in Padan-aran, when  
The Patriarch laid him down to sleep,  
And saw how God vouchsafes to keep  
His guard of love o'er fallen men.

Such is the feeling, when the Cross  
In all its wondrous power appears ;  
Then earthly gain indeed seems loss,  
And heaven shines bright through holy tears.  
Repentance weeps, and loves to shed  
The drops of sorrow o'er the fall,  
Faith points to HIM, who once hath bled,  
And suffer'd to atone for all.

Such is the feeling, when in death  
One whom we dearly love departs,  
When *we* feel fading with *their* breath,  
And find *their* death-pang in *our* hearts.

Then as the spirit sets, she seems  
Just like the sun in western sea,  
To form a path of her own beams  
To lead us to eternity.  
It seems, as if indeed were seen  
Those gates of undecaying light,  
And, for a moment, in between,  
We caught a glance of the glorious scene,  
And the choral band so fair and bright,  
Who there are found  
The Throne around,  
In raiment spotless, pure, and white.

But short are times like these, Earth clings  
Around us yet—the Seraph wings  
Of purity and light will wave  
Triumphant o'er a conquer'd grave ;  
But while in mortal cumbrance drest,  
If we aspire,  
We droop and tire,  
And sink to this low earth to rest.

## THE EXILE'S GRAVE.

Rest, exile, rest ! this verdant bed  
Shall bear thee, slumbering, safe from sorrow ;  
Sleep—sleep in peace in Christ thy Head  
Till the bright resurrection morrow.

The forest boughs that o'er thee wave  
Shall be the curtains of thy slumbers ;  
The brook that flows beside thy grave  
Shall sing to thee its wild-wood numbers.

Rest, exile, rest ! a couch so fair  
Seems to present a lovely token,  
Of one sweet home from every care,  
A balm for hearts this world hath broken.

Rest, exile, rest ! Now not a fear  
Shall move thy breast to thought of sadness,  
Thou hast a lovely refuge here,  
Though grief once bit thy heart to madness.

G

Nor sun nor storm, nor heat nor frost,  
Nor serpent's fang nor pain past healing,  
Nor heart of man, by malice cross'd,  
Can cause thee now one bitter feeling.

Peace to thy ashes ! God will keep  
Securely all that thou didst render,  
Till that bright sound that bursts thy sleep  
Shall clothe thee in a robe of splendour.

## NOON.

SWEET summer noon ! delightful hour

In silent, soft repose to lie,

On verdant turf, in greenwood bower,

Beneath a warm and sunny sky ;

What time the flocks and herds are laid

Beside the stream by the leafy shade ;

When all Creation seems at rest,

Unless the happy, soothing sound

Of the forest bee, in the field flower's breast,

Or flying the clover and wild thyme round.

It was thus, methinks, in the innocent days,

When Paradise yet was unstain'd by crime,

When the new-made sun shed bright pure rays,

O'er the woof begun by infant TIME.

When over the garden of joy, one spring  
Was yielding, and budding, and blossoming,  
When the fruits of autumn and vernal dew,  
And flowers and buds of every hue,  
Form'd many a radiant ring ;  
And man had nought beside to do  
But roam the sweet enchantment through,  
And wait for that last glorious heaven,  
A brighter, but scarce happier spot,  
Than this on earth, which God had given  
To be His favourite creature's lot.

## WINTER.

“Who can stand before His cold?”—Psalm cxlvii. 17.

How dreadful art THOU, when the storm-clouds of  
thunder

Enwrap Thee,—a mantle of darkness and ire ;  
When the blow of Thine arm cleaves the mountains  
asunder,

And the forests are burnt by Thine angels of fire.

But oh, how more keen, and more bitter, Thine  
anger,

When the ice-wind of winter howls over the plain,—  
Than the flame-darting storm in its fury and clan-  
gour,

Than the poisonous blast with its thousands of  
slain.

Chill Misery, naked, and homeless, and shivering,  
The pang of the spirit, and dreary despair,  
The skeleton form, the pale cold lip quivering,  
And the slow-eating death of sharp torture, are  
there.

Almighty Avenger! When snow-storms are beating,  
And clouds the ice-drops from their bosoms unfold;  
When the bleak wind is high, and no home for  
retreating,  
Who, then, can withstand Thy swift armies of cold?

“ TIME SHALL BE NO LONGER.”

REVELATIONS, X. 6.

MORE awful than the rushing of those wings  
Which in one night the pride of Egypt slew;  
More awful than the voice which burst the springs  
Of hidden waters, when the tempest blew,  
And black clouds, like a funeral pall, were spread,  
Over a world of dying and of dead !

TIME! what a word is that! it comprehends  
All we have ever known or can conceive;  
Possessions, passions, relatives, and friends,  
And all the feelings and the things which weave  
The web of consciousness—these shall be past,  
Changed and for ever, for that one loud blast  
Shall shut up all!—TIME shall no longer be,  
But henceforth measureless ETERNITY.

How has it vanish'd! — Gone the anxious strife  
Of those who toil'd for wealth or for renown,  
The honours and delights of men, the frown  
Or smile of mortals! — even life,  
With all its cares, how futile will it seem,  
Pass'd like the swift departing of a dream!

Then will the life of man indeed begin;  
Here, life is but a short and wintry day,  
Then will the soul her mighty powers display,  
Surpassing all she ever yet hath been,  
As night is distanced by the noontide day.

## CHRISTIAN CONVERSE.

In lands strange and distant, how sweetly the sound  
Of the tongue of a countryman falls on the ear !  
The strangeness of all that we witness around  
Makes the words sound more sweet, and the accents  
more dear.

It reminds us of home, of the land of our birth,  
Of the friends we have left and the kin that we  
love,—  
Of all that is dearest to man upon earth,  
His comforts below and his solace above.

It is thus to the Christian, when passing along  
This world to the home of his Father on high,  
Some brother he finds in the midst of the throng,  
With the accent of heaven, the tongue of the sky.

How delightfully heart answers heart as they meet ;  
How refreshing to each is the sound of the voice ;  
How cheering the thought, the communion how sweet,  
How the passions grow warm and the spirits  
rejoice!

The communion of saints brightens many a day,  
Enlivens the faith that was drooping and low,  
Stirs up to remembrance of God on the way,  
And bids all the sweetest affections to grow.

## THE PROSPECT.

"Then said the Shepherds one to another, 'Let us here shew the Pilgrims the gates of the Celestial City, if they have skill to look through our perspective glass.' . . . They thought they saw something like the gate, and also some of the glory of the place."—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

CRYSTAL City! from thy height,  
When no vapours intervene,  
Thy gates of pearl, and walls of light,  
Through many a sunny hour are seen;  
And though the road be rough between,  
They glad the pilgrim's sight.

Oh, the day has been so clear,  
And the eye of faith so strong,  
That I have deem'd they must be near,  
And e'en the everlasting song  
Hath almost reach'd the ear!

Then let me pass!—Those golden towers  
Which Faith can sometimes see,  
Are homes of rest from weary hours,  
Prepared by God for me.

## DYING AT SEA.

BROTHER, farewell ! thy bed of death  
Was toss'd by many a rolling wave ;  
Here hast thou drawn thy latest breath,  
And the deep waters form thy grave.

Yet, where can that far spot be found,  
Which ship has sail'd, or wanderer trod,  
Where man, an orphan, can look round  
And say, " I 'm here beyond my God ?"

No kind, soft hand attended near  
To close the eye in death grown dim ;  
Yet thy Redeemer still was here,  
And who could hold thee up like HIM ?

Thy heart's last breathing did not cease,  
In thine own land and quiet home ;  
Yet HIS kind spirit whisper'd peace,  
In ocean's storm, and roar, and foam.

The green turf covers not thy breast,  
Nor to thy tomb do friends repair ;  
In ocean's caverns thou dost rest,  
Yet wilt thou sleep as sweetly there !

Sleeping in Jesus, 'tis as well  
Beneath the deep sea-wave to lie,  
As where our dearest kindred dwell,  
And seen by every passer-by.

In faith repose, from that low bed  
Pure and immortal shalt thou rise ;  
The voice, " O Sea, give up thy dead !"  
Shall call thee to the opening skies.

## THE DISCORD.

How oft, in Nature's cloudless calm  
Of summer suns and spotless skies,  
And light airs breathing fragrant balm,  
And wild birds' joyous symphonies,  
That speak a zone of love entwined  
Around a happy world, one spot,  
Cheerless and dark, receives it not,  
But stands a solitary blot,—  
The fallen human mind !

How oft dejected thought appears,  
Where heaven unmingled brilliance darts,  
And blue skies bend o'er bitter tears,  
And blooming flowers wreath broken hearts !  
The spirit broods in sullen gloom,  
Discordant from the gay serene,  
Like some corrupt and gaping tomb  
Midst laughing flowers and mingled green.

Ah, surely this could never be,  
But that where sin has fix'd its throne,  
The just, undevious decree  
Forbids that it should reign alone,  
But ever join'd with misery.  
Well ! there's a world more fair than this,  
More beauteous skies, and fields, and streams,  
Where spirits, perfected in bliss,  
All harmonise with those bright beams,—  
A world which sin can never taint,  
And therefore free from pain, and sorrow, and complaint !

## RECOLLECTION.

HAIL, gentle Echo ! Music's softer daughter,  
Reclining on thy deep romantic seat :  
From cliff, or thickset wood, or rocky water,  
Springing to meet us on ethereal feet.

Yet in the soul doth softer echo linger,  
It seems the spirit of departed song,  
When touch'd again by Memory's airy finger,  
The harp-notes wander lovelily along.

Such is the train of holy thought returning,  
When sacred seasons long have pass'd away,  
By Memory rekindled, glowing, burning,  
Indeed with fainter, but as sweet a ray.

So the lost sunbeam, in its soft reflection,  
Beam'd from the bosom of the queen of night,  
Sheds over Nature's face a recollection,  
More fair, more tender, though indeed less bright.

Thus will the touch of memory awaken,  
And bid the Sabbath shine along the week ;  
And bring again sweet moments, long forsaken,  
And altars which the spirit fain would seek.

Of holy converse, and of high communion,  
Of praise celestial, and of ardent prayer,  
Of sacred mystery, and the blessed union  
Of hearts which glow in one possession there.

How doubly blest ! First in the full possessing,  
And after in reflected life and light,  
The past, the present—plenitude of blessing,  
Which not eternity itself will blight !

## ENJOYMENT.

" Lord, what a wretched land is this,  
That yields us no supply ;  
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,  
Nor streams of living joy.  
But prickling thorns through all the ground,  
And mortal poisons, grow ;  
And all the rivers that are found  
With dangerous waters flow." — WATTS.

Is this earth a wretched spot,  
Dark without a single ray ?  
Look around and say it not,  
Beauty reigns through night and day.

Were the woods, and hills, and streams,  
Earth's soft green, and heaven's pure blue,  
All the radiance of its beams,  
Form'd by God in vain for you ?

Were the notes that Music wreathes  
In her sweet enchanted chain,  
All the passion'd sounds she breathes,  
Bid to flow for you in vain?

In the garden of the soul  
Is there nothing to delight,  
Where the sweetest passions roll,  
And the fancy ever bright?

Love and friendship, have not they  
Through the coldest bosom shone,  
Beam'd across its ice a ray  
Suns like these could beam alone?

True, indeed ! the stain of sin  
We perceive upon it all ;  
And the best around, within,  
Bears the tokens of the fall.

We may wish for purer skies,  
Fields celestial, springs of bliss,  
Yet we gratefully may prize  
Such a lovely world as this.

We may wish for souls as chaste  
As the moon on mountain snow,  
Yet each hallow'd pleasure taste  
God has given to man below.

Call not earth a wretched spot,  
Pass it not ungrateful by,  
'T is to man a lovely lot,  
Though a lovelier waits on high.

## SICKNESS.

WHEN languid Nature in deep fever burning,  
Feels all her vital springs are parch'd and dry ;  
From side to side still restless, ever turning,  
And scar'd by phantoms of delirium by ;

How sweet, but for a moment's space, to ponder,  
Surrounded by these bitter, burning things,  
Where fresh cool life and gushing health flow yonder,  
From pure celestial and immortal springs !

And if to death the captive burn and languish,  
And earth and all its loves and joys be o'er,  
In yonder temple he shall lose his anguish,  
A heavenly pillar to go out no more.

## TRANQUIL DEATH.

How calm is the summer sea-wave,  
How softly is swelling its breast ;  
The bank it just reaches to lave,  
Then sinks on its bosom to rest !

No dashing, nor foaming, nor roar,  
But mild as a zephyr its play,  
It drops scarcely heard on the shore,  
And passes in silence away.

So calm is the action of Death  
On the halcyon mind of the just ;  
So gently he rifles their breath,  
So gently dissolves them to dust.

Not a groan, nor a pain, nor a tear,  
Nor a grief, nor a wish, nor a sigh,  
Nor a cloud, nor a doubt, nor a fear,  
But calm as a slumber they die.

“CHRIST IN YOU THE HOPE OF GLORY.”

GIVE me that HOPE which will remain  
When the death-pillow bears my head —  
When every bond is reft in twain,  
And every hope beside has fled.  
When life and its possessions seem  
Like the departing of a dream, —  
When the sight fails — the catching breath,  
Chok'd by the rising flood of death, —  
When the last parting word is spoken  
From aching hearts, all — all but broken,  
And the last pressure, and the eye  
Stands fix'd upon me as I die, —  
When flesh will sink and heart will fail,  
And no support but HIS, avail,  
Who knows my every sin, but who,  
Faith whispers, has forgiven too ;—  
Then, when convulsed and cold, and spent  
To the last gasp, in languishment,  
And all that racks man as he dies —  
Death's nameless, untried agonies —  
GIVE ME THAT HOPE !

## THE MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

ALL hail ! thou soft moonlight of summer,—  
All hail ! with thy cool breathing air !  
For all that is calm to the spirit,  
And all that is lovely, is there !

How quiet the woods and the waters !  
How cloudless the heaven above !  
The soul in the sweetness of fancy  
Reponders each subject of love !

How fairer this season of peace  
Than those that are bright with the sun !  
It comes like a Sabbath of rest,  
When the labour of morning is done.

Amidst this sweet quiet exchanged,  
For the toil of the world and its din,  
For a moment we scarce can believe  
This fair earth the dwelling of sin

If Nature has beauties so pure,  
Even now when polluted and curst,  
Oh, what must the moonlight have been  
That beam'd over Eden at first!

TO MISS M —.

SENT IN HER ILLNESS UPON HER BIRTHDAY, 24TH JANUARY,  
1827: SHE DIED 7TH FEBRUARY FOLLOWING.

LADY, in Birthday times pass'd by,  
I bade my harp its numbers try,  
Then surely I should wake its tone,  
To move along thy silent room,  
A note or two to cheer the gloom,  
Now, when in sickness and alone.

These sacred hours of illness, made  
To lead our minds from earth away,  
To still retirement, and the shade,  
Where Heaven can shed a brighter ray,  
Are kind gifts, from that God who gave  
The cup fill'd up to pleasure's brim :  
The summer calm, or winter wave,  
Alike are sent in love by Him ;

And many who in health have pray'd,  
And praised, and loved, to do His will,  
Have thank'd the sickness which has made  
That love more pure and ardent still.

He is our shepherd and our guide,  
Whose tender mercies never fail,  
Whether He lead where still streams glide,  
Or through the dark or shadowy vale ;  
And when we reach our home at last,  
And all the path of life review,  
Though we shall praise for joyance past,  
We shall give thanks for sorrow too.  
Weak moments teach us as they fly,  
And this the comfort they make known,  
There is a refuge ever nigh,  
An arm of strength beyond our own ;  
A kind and gracious God indeed,  
A helper in the time of need.

## THE LILY.

By the cutting blast-wind rended,  
See the Lily prostrate lies ;  
So, his life midst tempests ended,  
Many a saint in sorrow dies.

But the valley clods are keeping  
In their treasury the flower ;  
So, the saint entomb'd is sleeping,  
Safely through the mortal hour.

Harmlessly the winter rages  
To the Lily's hidden bloom ;  
So the icy blasts of ages,  
Unperceiv'd, roll o'er the tomb.

But in new and purer whiteness  
The Lily in the spring shall rise ;  
So the saint, with deathless brightness,  
Shall awake in cloudless skies.

## THE BUTTERFLY.

Look at the insect-queen of flowers,  
Winnowing lightly through summer bowers,  
Her wings have many a radiant hue,  
Spotted with gold, and crimson, and blue.  
For whom were those wings so richly dy'd?  
She sees not their beauty nor feels their pride.

It was, Man, for thee,  
That thou mayst see  
What thy last conquest of death may be.

Born but a worm, her life was brief,  
Her tomb some little field-flower's leaf ;  
A summer week pass'd swiftly o'er,  
She who was once a worm arose,  
From her green chamber of repose,  
With tints where many a beauty glows,  
And wings she never had before.

And now a beauteous, lovely thing,  
She chooses her rest  
Where she loves the best,  
On the sweetest of summer's blossoming.

" Like mine," methinks I hear her say,  
" Will be man's estate another day ;  
That feeble creature, who on earth  
Feels weakness even from his birth,  
When o'er his grave a few years roll,  
Chang'd, as I am, shall surely rise,  
Lovely in form and pure in soul,  
A seraph of eternal skies."

## POVERTY.

THE cottage of poverty, lowly and mean,  
Where the poor and the humble in spirit are seen,  
Was the place the Redeemer most honour'd on earth,  
While He sought not the towers of splendour and  
mirth.

'Twas the poor and the simple who followed Him  
still,  
Through sadness and sorrow, through despite and ill ;  
Whose hands earn'd his need, and whose eyes wept  
his doom,  
Who were last at the cross, and the first at the tomb.

And in all that was dark, and in all that was drear,  
In every trouble and every fear,  
By every thorn that was found in their way,  
Himself was more pierced, more afflicted than they.

Then away with the pride and disdain that would  
glow

Over what the Redeemer thus hallow'd below ;  
And when the high heart and proud spirit rebel,  
Its scenes let the COTTAGE OF BETHANY tell.

## ELIJAH.

By Judah's vales and olive glades,  
Where Eastern fruits entwine,  
Her bowers of rose and palm-tree shades,  
Her fields of corn and wine,  
Elijah and Elisha pass'd ;  
And well they knew it was the last —  
The last dear hour to friendship given,  
Before the fire-car and the blast  
Should bear the prophet up to heaven.

How fondly then Elisha hung  
On all his aged master spoke ;  
How dear each word that from his tongue  
Like dying farewell broke !  
Friendship 's a sun that ever seems  
Brightest in its departing beams ;

And never to the full we feel  
The depth, and warmth, and force of love,  
Till death comes in the gem to steal,  
And those so dear have pass'd above :  
Then we discover by the smart  
How they entwined around the heart.

As on they went, above their head,  
High in the fields of air,  
Appear'd a beauteous cloud of red,  
And fast against the breeze it fled,—  
It seem'd a seraph fair :—  
One of those spirits who assume  
The lurid flame in all its forms,  
To guard, to punish, to consume,  
To wield the lightning sword of storms.  
To earth it came,  
That beauteous flame,—  
The friends who dearly loved it parted ;  
Its mantle round  
The prophet wound,  
Then back to its own heaven it darted.  
And oh ! Elisha's wilder'd eyes  
Follow'd his master to the skies,—  
As we to-day  
Perceive the ray  
Of glory when a Christian dies.

Sweet parting this ; but not for us  
To pass to those bright regions thus.  
We must go through the cold dark stream ;  
But yet, if Faith's celestial beam  
    Shine over, all will then be bright,  
    And we scarce need wish for the car of light,  
So fair will the waters seem !

## THE REQUIEM.

"Ease after toil, port after stormy seas,  
Death after life, doth very greatly please."

SPENSER.

If there 's a power in earthly sound  
To soothe an aching breast,  
It is when, some dear grave around,  
The sacred Hymn of Rest,  
From voices low, and soft, and clear,  
Falls like a balm upon the ear.

Perchance, in deep and shadowy dells  
That funeral song may be ;  
Perchance, from ocean-beach it swells  
Across a rippled sea ;  
Perchance, cathedral chancel high  
May echo the soft harmony.

It speaks of rest from every toil,—  
Of ease from every pain ;  
A home where nought can come to spoil  
Our joy and peace again.  
It tells that one has gone to dwell  
Midst joy and peace unspeakable.

It tells another saint has won  
The victory o'er the tomb,—  
That now he has for ever done  
With sin and all its doom ;  
It brings to mind that Requiem sung  
In Patmos\* by unearthly tongue.

Sweet, soothing hymn ! thy harmony,  
That swells and sinks away,  
Bids every wave of passion die,  
Each rebel thought decay ;  
And peace and holy calmness rest  
O'er every feeling of the breast.

Worn head and weary heart, come here !  
List to that simple strain ;  
Lay care aside, dry every tear,  
And never mourn again.  
Perhaps the time not far may be  
When this sweet hymn shall sound o'er thee.

\* Rev. xiv. 13.

## INFINITY.

WHAT can I do for THEE,  
Omnipotent! Eternal! Infinite?  
Is not the thought aspiring blasphemy,  
Needing forgiveness to be granted it?  
Who can conceive Thy limitless domain?  
Would Thought, exploring, stretch her wings for  
flight  
To yon far star, upon the verge of sight,  
(A mighty sun supplying worlds with light),  
Thence must she stretch her wings and fly again!  
And if, ten thousand suns pass'd by, she gaze  
Amazed upon the measureless expanse,  
She will perceive innumerable fresh rays,—  
New suns, around whose bright founts planets  
dance,  
Receiving warmth and gladness from their beams;  
All clad with fruits and flowers, along whose fields  
Man wanders, and where life its joyance yields  
Of soft sensations, and the exquisite streams,  
Which gush in real joys or play in dreams.

THY space is infinite ! yet boundless space  
Possesses not a vacancy—no place

But fill'd with wonders of Thy mighty hand ;  
And righteously Thou sendest weal or woe,  
For Thou each deed, and word, and thought dost  
know,

Or slightest movement through Thy vast command.  
Then surely all my wants are known to Thee,  
Eternal Ruler of Infinity !

It is a thought of comfort, that the mind  
Of high archangel,—which has left behind

At distance so extreme man's boasted powers,—  
Rises not nearer to Thy topless throne  
Than doth the little insect,—which, unknown,

Invisible to man, in smallest flowers  
Finds a vast world ; and there, in reckless play,  
Sports its existence of a summer's day.

Then need I fear, that in the boundless mass  
Of matter I—an atom—shall be lost ?

No ! The Eternal Knowledge will not pass

Even the smallest ; each a price has cost  
Of agony to ransom it ; and though,

Scatter'd by Death and Time, but dust it be,  
It never can be lost, for surely HE  
Hath ever known it, and will ever know.

2 Cor. iii. 18.

WITHIN the ruby's page of light  
We read in characters of flame  
That fount of fire, intensely bright,  
From whence the written glory came.

Dull were the ruby, and as dark  
As flint upon the chalk-cliff crest,  
Did not the sunbeam light the spark  
That flames within its crimson breast.

So when within the Christian heart  
We view the bright, the pure, the fair,  
We praise that SPIRIT which could dart  
Its own renewing glory there.

## THE FUNERAL.

I would not that a pompous train should bear  
My body to the long-reposing tomb ;  
No proud steed stepping with disdainful air,  
Nor shield escutcheon'd, nor dark waving plume ;  
But flowers of loveliest and of sweetest bloom,  
Strewn by kind hands, should grace my pathway  
there.

Thus to those sacred courts would I be borne  
Where, in communion sweet, I used to tread ;  
And those who loved me should not deeply mourn,  
But form a circle round about my head,  
And sing triumphant anthems o'er the dead,—  
That Death's sharp sting was lost, his victory torn.

Around my sepulchre should roses twine,  
And shrubs, all flower and beauty, flourish there ;  
And woodbine and clematis should combine  
Their sister sweetnesses in clusters fair ;  
And birds, with Nature's own most simple air,  
Should hymn the morning's dawn and eve's decline.

A couch of beauty and a tranquil sleep,  
Even in Jesus ! Where should terror be ?  
Should there be tears at parting ? Wherefore weep ?  
“ Weep for yourselves ; but shed no tear for me.”  
From every pain and imperfection free,  
I trust in HIM ; my mortal He will keep  
Till I awake in immortality.

## THE BLACKBIRD.

SWEET Bard of the Woods! on this still summer  
even,

How lovely, how soft, and how mellow thy lay!  
It is calm as the earth, it is clear as the heaven,  
It is soothing and sweet, like the requiem of day.

Oh, what art thou singing? It speaks to my soul.

Methinks I could tell thee the words of thy song;  
Pure pleasure and gratitude beam through the whole.  
And the summer-eve's zephyr conveys it along.

Thou art singing to HIM who spread fruit-trees and  
flowers,

And laid out the woods like a garden for thee,  
And bid the warm sun light the midsummer hours,  
And form'd thee a bower in many a tree.

Sweet minstrel ! sing on, all in joy as thou art ;

My spirit grows calm and serene by thy lays,  
And I think — 'tis a thought that enraptures my  
heart —

JEHOVAH ! all nature is full of Thy praise !

## REASON AND THE PASSIONS.

Form'd in pure celestial fashion  
From a piece of nether earth,  
Warm'd by many a glowing passion,  
Man in Eden took his birth.

LOVE was lovely, ANGER holy,  
JOY all heavenly and serene,  
FEAR was filial and lowly,  
HOPE lit all the future scene.

Every passion shed a pleasure  
Through the pure, untainted soul ;  
Each possess'd its rank and measure,  
Heavenly REASON sway'd the whole.

Satan came and whisper'd treason  
All against her gentle sway ;  
Then the Passions spurn'd at REASON,  
And they wander'd each their way.

LOVE chose FOLLY, ANGER MADNESS,  
FEAR had GUILT to be her guide,  
JOY walked arm-in-arm with SADNESS,  
HOPE had ENVY at her side.

REASON wander'd all forsaken ;  
When she sang her sweetest song,  
Not a passion would awaken  
Through the mutineering throng.

Blind to her celestial beauty,  
Deaf to her celestial strains ;  
Shunning every call of duty,  
Wandering o'er earth's fallen plains.

Turn ye, wanderers, list to REASON,  
Sad, you will be happy then ;  
You have walk'd in woe a season,  
Stinging all the breasts of man.

REASON or RELIGION calls you,  
Let your wayward wanderings cease ;  
Then, whatever ill befalls you,  
All your influence will be peace.

HOPE, and FEAR, and ANGER yonder  
Cannot pass, but here must die ;  
But LOVE and JOY, entwined, will wander  
O'er the bright fields of the sky.

So the mortal passions ever  
Will inspirit man below,  
And the deathless passions never  
Cease in heavenly souls to glow

## LINES,

SENT TO A DESCENDANT OF THE MARTYRED BISHOP HOOPER,  
WITH A SEAL OF THE BISHOP'S CREST,—A LAMB IN A BURN-  
ING THICKET,—AND THE MOTTO, " PER IGNES AD CÆLUM —  
THROUGH THE FLAMES TO HEAVEN."

'Tis a lovelier crest than the blood-stain'd blade,  
Or the hand stretch'd out to slay ;  
Than the oak-twined wreath, or the laurel braid,  
Or the bird or beast of prey.  
It was proved by deeds more lofty far  
Than the shields of war and victory are.

'Twas nobly done—at death to scorn,  
To dare man's feeble ire ;  
Fearless of all that could be borne,—  
The rack, the scourge, the fire.  
Now to a cold, damp dungeon driven,  
Then, wrapt in thought on things above,  
Gazing upon a Saviour's love,  
Pass through the flames to heaven.

Say, aged warrior, when thy breath  
Was struggling with the grasp of death,  
Wert thou not borne in mind away  
Far from the weak, consuming clay?  
And o'er thy calm, unruffled soul  
Did not celestial visions roll?  
The martyr's stake is strewn with flowers,  
And earthly and infernal powers  
May try their little force in vain,  
To plant a thorn or cause a pain.

'Tis true we are not call'd like thee  
To dungeon cells and martyrdom;  
But yet the spirit is not dead  
Through whom the saints of Jesus bled;  
For though 't is bound with many a chain,  
It fain would reek in blood again,  
And now, perhaps, a surer snare  
For spirits that might even dare  
The stake and all the terrors there,—  
    The deep-laid sophism of the school,  
    The curling lip of ridicule,  
And taunt of sceptics bear.  
Oh! may our faith, establish'd sure,  
Through all, and to the end, endure!

## THE VALE.

BRING not here the din of arms,  
Nor the flashing sabre blade ;  
The warrior's shouting and alarms  
Suit not with this quiet shade :  
Bring not here the din of war,  
They who dwell these groves among  
Belted warrior never saw,  
Nor heard the stirring war-song sung.

Plume ne'er waved amidst this shade,  
Sword ne'er shone amidst this brake,  
Here the war-horse never neigh'd,  
Nor war-boat skimm'd across this lake ;  
But the peaceful peasant strays,  
And the maiden's song is heard,  
And the deer darts through the maze,  
And here sails the water-bird.

Go to cities, where your fame  
All its guilty merit meets,  
Where your steeds, 'mid loud acclaim,  
Prance along the stone-paved streets !  
There receive, from monarch's hand  
And lady's smile, the meed of strife,  
The star and commendation bland,  
Purchase-price of many a life.

There in splendid guilt remain,  
Never to this vale repair ;  
Here's RELIGION's peaceful reign,  
And the house of praise and prayer.  
Bring not here Ambition's pride,  
Tempt not any here astray ;  
In these happy shades we hide  
From the bright but baneful ray.

HE, who full of mercy came  
To redeem, and bless, and save,  
Peace to pour o'er discord's flame,  
Hope to triumph o'er the grave ;—  
His meek spirit rules us here,  
And where'er His love is found,  
There to God is holy fear,  
There is love to man around.

Leave us, warrior! — peace is ours,  
And a Saviour's dying love;  
Nought we wish beyond these bowers,  
Save a heavenly home above!  
Happy, for we seek no ill,  
And desire no earthly name;  
We would fain be happy still,—  
Warrior, seek the crowd and fame!

## SUDDEN DEATH.

The following remarkable circumstance occurred in a circle of friends who were debating what might be considered the happiest departure. One of the party thus suddenly expired.

WHICH is the happiest death to die ?

“ Oh,” said one, “ if I might choose,  
Long at the gate of bliss would I lie,  
And feast my spirit, ere it fly,  
With bright celestial views !

Mine were a lingering death, without pain —

A death which all might love to see —

And mark how bright and sweet would be  
The victory I should gain !  
Fain would I catch a hymn of love  
From the angel-harps that ring above,  
And sing it, as my failing breath  
Quiver'd and expired in death ;  
So that those on earth might hear  
The hymning of another sphere,

And mark, when Nature faints and dies,  
What springs of heavenly life arise,  
And gather, from the death they view,  
A ray of hope to light them through,  
When they shall be departing too."

"No," said another, "so not I!—  
Sudden as thought is the death I would die;  
I would suddenly throw my shackles by,  
Nor bear a single pang at parting,  
Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,  
Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,  
Nor feel the hands of love that press me,  
Nor the frame with mortal terror shaking,  
Nor the heart where love's soft bands are  
breaking,—

So would I die!

All bliss without a pang to cloud it,  
All joy without a pain to shroud it,—  
Not slain, but caught up, as it were,  
To meet my Saviour in the air,—

So would I die!

Oh how bright were the realms of light,  
Bursting at once upon the sight!

Even so, I long to go—  
These parting hours how sad and slow!"

His voice grew faint, and fix'd was his eye,  
As if gazing on visions of ecstasy ;  
The hue of his cheek and lips decay'd,  
Around his mouth a sweet smile play'd.

They look'd—he was dead !

His spirit had fled !

Painless and swift as his own desire,

The soul, undrest

From her mortal vest,

Had stepp'd in her car of heavenly fire ;

And proved how bright

Were the realms of light,

Bursting at once upon the sight !

2 KINGS, vi. 15-17.

SWORDS of fire around us play,  
Shafts of flame around us fly,  
Though no lightnings glare the day,  
Though no meteor cross the sky.

In the sunniest summer noon  
There is war amidst the calm ;  
In the loveliest beaming moon  
Adverse spirits working harm.

Yet the intellectual strife,  
Fierce and mighty as it glows,  
Wakes no earthly sound to life,  
Nor moves the tresses of the rose

The swift artillery of heaven  
Passes round us every hour,  
Though to man it be not given,  
While on earth, to see its power.

Yet the Prophet's servant saw,  
    When the Syrian host assail'd,  
Every heavenly warrior  
    And bright encampment all unveil'd.

And from yonder distant sky  
    All the conflict we shall view,  
Turn and see the dangers fly,  
    And praise the arm that led us through.

## THE HEATHEN ISLE.

THERE are groves of the banian, mango, and palm,  
Where the sun is all cloudless, the air all balm,  
Where the crested birds of the tropics go,  
    With their plumage of azure, and crimson, and  
    gold,  
Where laden with fragrance the zephyrs blow,  
    And the shadowy brooks run clear and cold ;  
Where in flowers so sweet the turf is drest,  
    That the bees are fabled, o'ercome with delight,  
    To drop their wings from further flight,  
And slumber entranced on their breast.  
    There combine  
    The orange and pine,  
And the nectar'd nut of the cocoa-tree ;  
    The nilica blows,  
    With the lily and rose,  
And the cluster'd grape hangs lusciously ;  
    And the forms that rove  
    Through that fragrant grove  
Are lovely and fair as forms can be.

But there rise prayers midst rites impure,  
And cruel off'rings smoke ;  
And those light, graceful forms endure  
An evil spirit's yoke.  
The altar of that grove appears  
Sprinkled with human blood and tears ;  
The priest lights up the blazing pile,  
And hymns of hell are sung the while.

Was not this within the pale  
That the SAVIOUR died to save ?  
Was it not for this far vale  
That HE rose and left the grave ?  
Was HIS mercy to have shone  
O'er more polish'd lands alone ?  
Ah, sure it was not ! Even here  
The crown of thorns, the nails, the spear,  
The cry of agony, the prayer,  
Are strong to save as well as there.

Bear them, evangelists of peace,  
' Your message from above !  
Fly !—bid these rites of horror cease,  
Point to redeeming love.

Oh, tell them, as beneath the shade  
Of blood-stain'd groves they lie,  
One mighty sacrifice is made, —  
A Saviour came to die !  
The days of offering are o'er,  
And victims need be slain no more.

Oh, they will hail the beam of light,  
As mariners forlorn,  
Who, toss'd by tempests all the night,  
Cheer at the blush of morn.  
Yes, they will cast their idols by,  
And call on HIM who came to die.

Fly, then, and to HIS reign be won  
This land of beauty and the sun !  
And where but savage hordes abound  
May Christian villages be found,  
Arising one by one !  
May heavenly harvests flourish there,  
And the hymn arise  
To those cloudless skies,  
And those groves breathe holy prayer !

## PEACE.

"Peace I leave with you ; my peace I give unto you."—JOHN, xiv. 27.

PEACE ! fair maid of heavenly birth,  
Though a visitant on earth,  
Dwell, oh ever dwell with me,  
And lull me in serenity ;  
Ah, methinks with thee beside,  
    When the summer sun declines,  
And the tranquil eventide,  
    With its softest beauty shines ;  
When every shade is deep and long,  
And every evening bird in song,  
When woodbines and seringoes breathe  
Their perfumed sighs, from many a wreath ;  
When in the water's glassy face,  
Every bank and bough we trace,  
Save, where the setting sunbeam lays  
A golden bridge of chequer'd rays :

Then lit by thee, with those I love,  
To roam through mead, and vale, and lane,  
Happier than all—save souls above,  
I would not seek the crowd again.

THOU who didst buy this peace for me,  
And at a price so dear ;  
Without a grateful thought of Thee,  
May I not wander here.  
But while I tread these walks along,  
Still strike to THEE some grateful song,  
Till to those regions I may soar,  
Where peace ne'er leaves the pilgrim more.

## THE CONTRAST.

ENTHRONED upon a hill of light,  
A heavenly minstrel sings ;  
Sounds unimaginably bright  
Spring from the golden strings :  
Who would have thought so fair a form  
Once bent beneath an earthly storm ?

Yet, was He sad and lonely here,  
Of low and humble birth ;  
And mingled while in this dark sphere,  
With meanest sons of earth.  
In spirit poor, in look forlorn,  
The jest of mortals and their scorn.

A crown of heavenly radiance now,  
A harp of golden strings,  
Glitters upon His deathless brow,  
And to His hymn-notes rings ;  
The bower of interwoven light,  
Seems at the sound to grow more bright.

'Then, while with visage blank and sear,  
The poor in soul we see ;  
Let us not think what he is here,  
But what he soon will be ;  
And look beyond this earthly night  
To crowns of gold and bowers of light.

## THE BANK OF THE RIVER OF DEATH.

"Now I farther saw, that betwixt them and the gate there was a river, but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was very deep."  
—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

PARTING soul, the flood awaits thee,  
And the billows round thee roar ;  
Yet look on, the crystal city  
Stands on yon celestial shore,  
There are crowns and thrones of glory,  
There the living waters glide,  
There the just, in shining raiment,  
Wander by Emanuel's side.

Linger not ; the stream is narrow,  
Though its cold dark waters rise ;  
He who pass'd the flood before thee  
Guides thy path to yonder skies.  
Hark ! the sounds of angel voices  
Roll harmonious o'er thine ear ;  
See, the walls and golden portals,  
Through the mist of death appear.

Soul, adieu ! this earthly sojourn,  
Holds thy captive feet no more ;  
Flesh is dropp'd, and sin forsaken,  
Sorrow done, and weeping o'er.  
Through the tears thy friends are shedding,  
Smiles of hope serenely shine,  
Not a friend remains behind thee ;  
But would change his lot for thine.

## THE SABBATH EVENING.

Is there a time when moments flow  
More lovelily than all beside?  
It is, of all the times below,  
A Sabbath eve in summer tide.

For then the setting sun smiles fair,  
And all below, and all above,  
The different forms of nature wear,  
One universal garb of love.

While the pure peace that Jesus beams,  
The life of grace, the death of sin ;  
With nature's placid woods and streams,  
Make peace without and peace within.

Delightful scene ! a world at rest,  
A God all love, no grief nor fear,  
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,  
A smile unsullied by a tear.

Delightful hour ! how soon will night  
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign ;  
And morrow's quick returning light,  
Must call us to the world again.

Yet will there dawn at last a day,  
A sun that never sets shall rise ;  
Night will not veil his endless ray,—  
The heavenly Sabbath never dies.

## LINES,

WRITTEN IN AN ALCOVE IN THE GROUNDS OF B—— T——, ESQ.,  
AT ENFIELD, MIDDLESEX.

IN this sweet and quiet cover,  
Holy joy and love be found ;  
Peace and blessing shade it over,  
Peace and blessing shield it round.  
Home of heavenly contemplation,  
Whence may glance Faith's eagle eye,  
In the sure anticipation  
Of a sweeter rest on high ;  
Where the hearts which death has riven,  
And the spirits sin has torn,  
Shall, in that undying heaven,  
Cease to ache, and cease to mourn.

## FORGIVENESS.

WHEN on the fragrant sandal-tree  
The woodman's axe descends,  
And she who bloom'd so beauteously  
Beneath the keen stroke bends ;  
E'en on the edge that wrought her death,  
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,  
As if to token in her fall  
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns,  
To smile and bless the hand that spurns ;  
To see the blow, to feel the pain,  
But render only love again.  
This spirit not to earth is given,  
One had it,—but HE came from heaven ;  
Reviled, rejected, and betray'd,  
No curse HE breathed, no plaint HE made ;  
But when in death's deep pang HE sigh'd,  
Pray'd for His murderers and died.

## THE PASTOR'S GRAVE.

"When I am dead, then bury me in the sepulchre wherein the man of God is buried ; lay my bones beside his bones."—1 Kings, xiii. 31.

THERE is a spot—a lovely spot,  
    Embosom'd in a valley dell ;  
The eye of splendour marks it not,  
    Nor travellers of its beauties tell.

The hazel forms a green bower there,  
    Beneath the grassy covering lies,  
And forest flowers, surpassing fair,  
    Mingle their soft and lovely dyes.

Morn decks the spot with many a gem,  
    And the first break of eastern ray  
Lights up a spark in each of them,  
    That seems to hail the op'ning day.

The free birds love to seek the shade,  
And here they sing their sweetest lays;  
Meet requiem—he who there is laid  
Breathed his expiring voice in praise.

And here the villager will stray,  
What time his daily work is done;  
When evening sheds the western ray  
Of sweet departing summer sun.

On grateful lips his name is found,  
And simple hearts yet hold him dear;  
The patriarch of the village round,  
The pastor of the chapel near.

The holy cautions that he gave,  
The prayers he breathed, the tears he wept,  
Yet linger here, though in his grave,  
Through many a year, the saint has slept.

And oft the villager has said,  
“Oh! I remember when a child  
He placed his hand upon my head,  
And bless'd me then, and sweetly smiled.

“ 'Twas he that led me to my God,  
And taught me to obey His will ;  
The holy path which he has trod,  
Oh be it mine to follow still ! ”

Grave of the righteous ! surely there  
The sweetest bloom of beauty is ;  
Oh may I sleep in couch as fair,  
And with a hope as bright as his.

## LINES.

It has been said by some late tourists that the interest of classic regions has been greatly impaired by the introduction of Christianity, and the consequent annihilation of those imagined beings, who, according to the ancient faith, peopled every spot of Greek and Roman scenery.

THERE are who say, that Grecian song  
Gave every stream and wood a tongue,  
And rock, or field, or hill, or dale,  
Had each its nymph and classic tale.  
But when stern Christian truth had spread,  
Each bright imagination fled,  
And fields, and streams, were called to mourn  
The vanish'd nymph and broken urn.

What blindness ! Who could wander o'er,  
Or field, or wood, or sea, or shore,  
Or sunny hill, or shady vale,  
By noonday beam, or moonlight pale,  
And not perceive, where'er he trod,  
The print and footstep of a God,  
And feel it paradisaal ground  
To find His presence all around ?

## SABBATH-BELLS.

SWEET Sabbath-bells, I love your voice,  
Still saying to my heart— Rejoice !  
Whether from lofty spire ye sound,  
With paven streets and towers around,  
Or chime the gentler village-bells,  
O'er meadows green and leafy dells,  
Ye seem to speak a world at peace,  
Where toil and care a season cease—  
A holy rest—a joyous hour—  
A stainless calm where no clouds lower ;  
Gladness and love to earth come down,  
And heaven above without a frown,  
A triumph over sin and woe.  
Sweet gift, a Sabbath sent below,  
Whence heaven-born faith may reascend,  
And view the God of all our friend.  
Sweet Sabbath-bells, ye speak to me  
Pure joy and tranquil ecstasy !

## SUNSHINE.

SUNSHINE ! gladdening fruits and flowers,  
Rosy gardens, greenwood bowers,  
Sparkling rivers, forests deep,  
Tufted hills, and valleys steep ;  
Where the bee delights to stray,  
Where the insect myriads play,  
Let me seat me where thou art,  
Cheer my eye, and warm my heart :  
For, methinks, I see in thee  
The presence of the Deity.  
This green bank, upon whose breast  
So much grace and beauty rest,  
And that unspotted blue above,  
    To me proclaim  
    His dearest name,  
Made known through all the world, is LOVE !

## RETIREMENT.

Ah ! thou engrossing world,  
When shall I cease from thee ?  
When shall my spirit win an hour  
For meditation free ?

I would some shady deep,  
Where lone the wood-dove dwells,  
And where the wild bee sings around  
Unspoliated cells.

Where dreadless feeds the deer,  
In pastures still and cool,  
And little, save a falling leaf,  
Disturbs the glassy pool.

There would I sit, and think  
On high and sacred things,  
And bid the tone of holy song  
Sound from these trembling strings.

Ah! thou engrossing world,  
When shall I cease from thee?  
When shall my spirit win an hour  
For meditation free?

## SYMPATHY.

MYSTERIOUS Sympathy ! who can tell

How many a wondrous charm is thine ?

When oft the undiscover'd spell

Hath bidden the gloomy spirit shine ;

When through the mind, we know not how,

Some lovely burst of light has darted,

And the gloom that hung o'er the soul e'en now

Is burst, and broken, and departed.

Ah ! methinks, it has often been thus,

When those who love and who think of us,

Have knelt before the throne of prayer,

And pour'd their hearts out for us there,—

That instant, as they pray, we feel

A Sabbath o'er our bosoms steal,

A fair and more than earthly ray,

Burst through the cloud across our way ;

And sweetness, we knew not whence nor where,

Has beam'd from the light of another's prayer.

I love to think, though perhaps it be  
But the wilder'd dreaming of phantasy, —  
That those whom we love and have lost, come here  
As visitants from that heavenly sphere,  
And pour sweet oil in the flame that is fading,  
    The flame of the Spirit when faint and low,  
And for us fair flowers of hope are braiding,  
    To cheer us throughout a night of woe ; —  
I love to think that they pass beside us,  
    Though no sound meet the ear, nor a form the eye,  
And when we think sadly that worlds divide us,  
    The spirits of those whom we love are nigh.

Delightful thought ! I would not change  
Thy joy, though deceptive perhaps thou art,  
For the sterner truths of philosophy's range,  
    Which lighten the reason but chill the heart.  
I love to see passing before me again  
    Departed forms, that I loved before,  
That have now like shadows pass'd over the plain,  
    And gladden for me this earth no more.  
Thoughts like these come but from thee,  
Deep, mysterious SYMPATHY !

## WAR.

WHO would die as VALOUR dies,  
Red with stains of human gore,  
Sung to death by torturous cries,  
And requiem'd by the cannon's roar ?  
Where the blasphemy and curse,  
And hatred, each in chaos reigns,  
And agony, and all that's worse  
Than aught beside this earth contains.  
He falls like Lucifer, who fell,  
And stream'd a line of baneful light  
Along his path, from heaven's fair height,  
Down to the deeps of hell.

Though an admiring world may gaze  
To see the mangled warrior die,  
And Folly wonders at the blaze  
Of meteors in War's troubled sky ;

M

In stern, fierce death, to spurn at all  
In earth below or heaven above,  
May win admirers to a fall,  
But few or none who weep and love.

How sweetly parts the Christian's sun !  
Just like the summer monarch, set  
In cloudless skies, his journey done,  
To rise in brighter regions yet.  
Yes ! where the Christian ends his days,  
Lingers a line of lovely rays,  
That speaks his calm departure blest,  
And promises to those who gaze  
The same beatitude of rest !

## THE HECTIC FLUSH.

WAVERING flame in death ascending,  
Vestal life-fire of the breast,  
Pure ethereal spirit, tending  
To thy home of heavenly rest,  
Like the western sun's declining,  
Like the star above the wave,  
Its fairest, purest lustre shining,  
O'er the bosom of its grave.

More fair than gayest health hath tinted,  
For her brightest summer bloom,  
Is the blush by Death imprinted  
For the bridal of the tomb ;  
As the gather'd flow'ret dying,  
Breathes away its sweetest breath ;  
As the softest zephyr sighing,  
Sinks the evening to death ;

So the light of mid-day splendour,  
    Beaming from beneath that brow,  
Never shone so sweetly tender  
    As the parting radiance now.  
Never seem'd that face so saintly,  
    Never seem'd that brow so fair,  
As now, through clouds are breaking faintly,  
    Streaks of Heaven's Aurora there.

Come, and view her, ye who deem not  
    Spirit lives when matter dies !  
Come, and testify we dream not,  
    While the victim gasping lies ;  
Ere the light of earthly even  
    Draws its last retiring ray,  
The cloudless, deathless light of heaven,  
    Shews the blush of opening day.

## OLD AGE.

How sweet as down the vale of hours  
The aged saint descends,  
When every field of youthful flowers  
In distance dimly blends,  
To see arise  
All Paradise,  
With its hills of light before him spreading,  
Whence many a ray  
Of heavenly day  
Illumes the pathway he is treading ;  
Nought else the glittering scene dividing,  
Save Death's dark stream in the valley gliding.  
In his pathway many a flower may lie,  
But none so sweet as the flowers of the sky ;  
On earth they fade  
E'en in the braid,  
But those of heaven can never die.  
Happy he who those hills can see,  
And say, " Yon regions bloom for me ! "

## TO THE MEMORY OF A SISTER.

FAIR prison of earth's fairest clay,  
Thy chains are burst, thy bars are broken,  
And I with mingled grief survey  
Each silent mark, each icy token.

Thy cheek is fix'd, thy brow is bare,  
Thy lips are pale, thine eye is faded,  
Yet never seem'd that face so fair,  
Though bower'd in locks that fancy braided.

Pleasure and health attract the view,  
Life lights the eye, and gives it splendour ;  
But death can shed a softer hue,  
A smile more sweet, a grace more tender.

And while upon thy face I gaze,  
Where once the flash of pleasure lighten'd,  
My memory turns to other days,  
And pictures hours that thou hast brighten'd.

Perchance the smile I loved to trace  
    May give one day a better greeting,  
And beam upon thy brother's face  
    A welcome to a deathless meeting.

I loved thee—yes! bear witness here,  
    Thou heart that felt how hard to sever,—  
I love thee still, in death more dear,  
    Parted awhile, but not for ever.

Thy grief, thy bitterness, is o'er,  
    Pardon'd thy sin, and heal'd thy sorrow,  
And not one cloud shall hover more  
    Across thine everlasting morrow.

Then hush'd be grief, I will not mourn—  
    Why should I view thy gain with sadness?  
I felt a pang when thou wast torn,  
    But love hath melted it to gladness.

## THE MISSIONARIES' DEPARTURE.

FROM England's shores, how many a band  
Have sail'd on charge of war,  
Bearing from out their native land  
Stern threatening and awe !  
How many have resign'd their breath  
In these dark embassies of death !

And far this little band will go,  
But not for victory and woe ;  
Soldiers, indeed ! but of the cross  
Of HIM who came — who died to save.  
For Him they count all gain but loss,  
And yield Him what at first He gave.  
Arm'd it is true, but not with sword, —  
Their weapons all by mercy given,  
The mighty SPIRIT of their Lord,  
And Hope to point the soul to heaven ;  
Faith in their bosoms, and above  
The banner over them is Love.

Then fare you well, and with you go  
All promised to the saints below ;  
His power and presence, who can keep  
Your minds in holy peace and fear,  
Though wandering o'er the mighty deep,  
Or lands where no kind voice is near.  
And when beneath the banian-tree  
The Indian deep in thought you see,  
Profoundly meditating there,  
And reading—not the volumes vain,  
Link'd with such tales as heathen feign,  
But the bright page of praise and prayer,  
Oh ! may you feel a pleasure then,  
More than outweighing all resign'd,—  
The joy of saving fallen men,  
Of bearing mercy to mankind.  
We part—life's vapour, light and vain,  
May vanish ere we meet again.  
Farewell ! and if we never meet  
Each other ere we die,  
More thorns may pierce and harm your feet,  
But you will tread to heaven's high seat  
A brighter path than I.

## THE MARTYR.

WHO is he with tresses flowing,  
White as is the driven snow?  
Tell me, whither is he going?  
Stranger, tell me, dost thou know  
Sure it cannot be to sadness,  
For a smile is on his face,  
And his eye is bright with gladness,  
And his step is firm with grace.

Oh! he is a victim borne away  
By that tumultuous crowd,  
Condemn'd to sleep in death to-day,  
Beneath a fiery shroud.  
Yes, he may smile!—there waits him now,  
A crown of victory for his brow,  
A seraph car, attending nigh,  
To bear his spirit to the sky.

Though the nerves may writhe with pain  
Till nature will recoil again,  
Yet faith is eagled-eyed, and sees  
The gates of heaven through things like these,  
And would not change the martyr's bed  
For lordly hall and royal crown,  
Where Pleasure on her couch of down  
Hath summer roses shed.

## EARTHLY PHILOSOPHY.

'Twas in a lovely Grecian vale,  
Where low acanthus blooms,  
And roses fair, and lilies pale,  
Adorn Athenian tombs,  
That Philo, as he traced the forms  
Of sculpture, which had borne the force  
Of rains, of dews, of thousand storms,  
Of Time, in his resistless course,  
Open'd a sepulchre : the dust  
Pass'd with the breathing of the gust !

“ Look there, Philosophy ! ” he said,  
“ Not all thy ponderous tomes,  
To crowds by teaching schoolmen read  
Beneath scholastic domes,  
Could half so well the truth impart,—  
Humanity, how vain thou art !

“Tell me, ye atoms, ere ye fly,  
What was the form ye bore?  
Was it the garb of splendid dye,  
Or casque of war ye wore?  
Did in the dance your light’ning feet  
The labyrinthine mazes beat,  
Or did ye seek the crowded street,  
Or distant realms explore?  
It matters not the time or scene,  
Ye are as if ye ne’er had been,  
And who that sees these atoms flee  
Could dream of Immortality?”

How often is the enlighten’d mind  
(As far as human wit can rise),  
Darkly, impenetrably blind,  
To that more pure, and more refined—  
The wisdom of eternal skies!  
Had Philo known the sacred page,  
Instead of Nature’s, that could teach  
What man’s dark mind in every age,  
Unaided, never yet could reach.  
The Gospel shining through the night  
Brought IMMORTALITY to light.

## LINES,

OCCASIONED BY A FATAL ACCIDENT IN A WATER-PARTY.

THOUGH the worn mariner prevail,  
When tempest toss'd, o'er many a wave,  
The stream that ripples though the vale  
May be the cotter's watery grave;  
Though age his shatter'd bark up-buoy,  
Amidst the tempest of disease,  
The skiff of youth, and health, and joy,  
May sink upon the smoothest seas.  
Youth bears no talisman to charm,  
Nor health, the conqueror to disarm.

Though all creation round thee smile,  
Await thy change in guarded fear,  
Lest Satan blind thy soul the while,  
And Death, when least in thought, be near.

Happy if ready ; then in love  
The invitation will be given,  
From thorns below, to thrones above,  
From earthly hymns, to harps of heaven ;  
The rivulet of Time pass'd by,  
And launch'd upon eternity.

TO —.

GENTLE spirit ! thou hast risen  
Far beyond the chains that bound thee,  
And instead of earth's dark prison  
Liberty and light surround thee.

Wert thou injured ? Every anguish  
Freely hast thou now forgiven,  
E'en the blow that made thee languish —  
Anger cannot live in heaven.

Even here, thy heart so tender,  
Pierced and torn, yet suffer'd saintly ;  
Tears were all that thou didst render,  
And the prayer to heaven breathed faintly.

Gentle spirit ! in thy sorrow  
Like thy Saviour, meek in sadness ;  
Thou from Him thy light didst borrow —  
Thou with Him wilt reign in gladness.

## WRITTEN IN A SISTER'S ALBUM.

OF all the flowers of earthly bloom,  
One never withers in the tomb ;  
Though life shall ebb, and fame decay,  
The earth and heavens pass away,  
The love which circled in its chain  
Friend, parent, brother, shall remain,  
And flourish in serener skies,  
With sweeter scent and brighter dyes,  
And live, while endless ages roll,  
Eternal as its seat, the soul !

## THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

HOARY pilgrim, full of years,  
Bent and wither'd, dim and gray,  
Tell me how to thee appears  
Life's departing, closing day?

“ Weak and feeble though I bend,  
Faith is firm and hope is bright;  
All is goodness to the end,  
At the eventide 'tis light.

“ Oft I turn me back to view .  
All the journey of my days ;  
Oh, how many hitherto  
Are the pleasant hills of praise !

“ I can trace them one by one,  
Where they rise along the way,  
Green with mercy, bright with sun—  
Sun of heaven's eternal day !

“ When my feet, in infant hours,  
    Idly round the cradle play'd ;  
When, in dear parental bowers,  
    Helpless childhood found a shade.

“ When in youth, with beating heart,  
    Dazzled by the glare of life,  
Spirits bounding to depart,  
    Sanguine, eager for the strife.

“ Like to Jacob, who was sent  
    To a world of toil and care,  
Having nothing when I went,  
    Save inheritance of prayer.

“ As I feel my sun descend,  
    As my winter shuts the year,  
Mercy makes it, to the end,  
    Cold indeed, but brightly clear.

“ Often think I, when I gaze  
    On such goodness and such truth,  
Age has beams in wintry days,  
    Brighter than the spring of youth.”

I have seen at shady eve,  
When the vale is dark beneath,  
Still the sun its brilliance leave  
On the mountain's icy wreath.

So methinks, as years decay,  
Graces shed a brighter glow,  
Beaming heaven's eternal ray  
On the Christian's head of snow.

## THE SABBATH EVENING.

YE hours of sweetness,  
    How swift are ye flying!  
Why pass with such fleetness,  
    Why haste to your dying?  
Ah, linger awhile,  
    And let memory borrow  
One ray of your smile  
    For the toil of to-morrow!

So the Patriarch press'd,  
    As the morning bereft him,  
His heavenly guest  
    To bless ere He left him :  
And oft, when the night  
    Threw its dark shadow o'er him,  
That blessing with light  
    Cheer'd the pathway before him.

So let, while I wander,  
Your sweetness remind me  
To look back and ponder  
On you left behind me :  
From you I would seek  
Each shadow to brighten,  
The path of the week  
With joy to enlighten.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG  
MARRIED LADY.

“ I SHALL go to him at last,—  
He will not return to me ! ”  
This the thought the prophet cast  
Upon the tomb of infancy ;  
And, sure that we shall meet again,  
The loved and lost, without a cloud,  
May ease the death-shaft of its pain,  
And stream a glory o’er the shroud.  
“ We sorrow ”—he who sheds not tears  
Must more or less than human be ;  
“ We sorrow ”—but high Hope appears,  
Full of an immortality !  
And if a seraph form be hers,  
Immortal, perfected and pure,  
Amidst celestial worshippers  
There and for ever to endure,—

Little is yielded, though of earth  
    She had of all that earth can boast,—  
Possessions of the greatest worth,  
    And all that wisdom values most :  
Yes ! to the eye that reads aright  
    The page of Providence, there seems  
    In her short day concentrated beams  
        Of blessing and of light.  
    To her a happy lot was given,  
To be, ere one short year had pass'd,  
A bride, a mother, and at last —  
    The best of all—a saint in heaven !

## THE INFANT JESUS.

INFANT slumberer, sweetly smiling,  
While by sleep thine eyes are press'd,  
Doth no grief, thy peace beguiling,  
Cloud the heaven of thy breast?

Doth not Calvary, mount of sorrow,  
Hover o'er thine infant dream?  
Nor a present anguish borrow  
From the cross and crimson stream?

Doth no vestige of that splendour,  
Which a mortal could not bear,  
Lurk within that form so tender,  
Find some lingering dwelling there?

HE, whose glance shot deadly lightning  
When rebellion raged above,  
Beams, in smiles serenely brightening,  
In an earthly mother's love.

## THE DEPARTING.

SWIFT be thy flight to yonder skies,  
And bright the crown that waits thee there!  
Aloft on seraph pinions rise,  
Beyond the fields of earthly air!

But there 's a pang that stings the breast  
When torn away from those we love,  
Before we see those realms of rest,  
Or hear the harps that ring above.

Yet burst away!—the pang is short—  
One struggle, and the soul is free!  
A single blow!—the battle 's fought—  
Then welcome bright eternity!

TO MRS. L——, IN SICKNESS.

IN pallid sickness, and in languid hours,  
With sinking spirits and enfeebled powers,  
In solitary suffering and pain,  
'Tis sweet to think our friendships all remain ;  
And Sympathy has cordials to bestow,  
Which but the sick and solitary know.  
A word, though feebly spoken, may impart  
Encouragement and comfort to the heart.

Affliction comes with darken'd brow, and brings  
Sometimes misgiving on her sable wings,  
Yet from her plumes drops healing, and bestows  
Superior blessings through inferior woes ;  
Just as the clouds which veil a darken'd sky,  
And hide the gladdening sunbeam from the eye,  
Bear in their gloomy aspect freshening rain,  
And fall and fertilise the arid plain.  
The showers will fall, the cloud will pass away,  
The sun will beam with renovating ray,  
And the glad earth will bloom with fruits and  
flowers,  
Won from that darken'd sky and falling showers.

And so shall Sorrow pass, its errand done,  
And Joy burst glorious as the summer sun ;  
So shall the SPIRIT like the sunbeam shine  
Over the troubled heart with rays divine,  
And clouds and showers of pain, and beams of  
peace,  
Shall bid faith flourish and each grace increase.

What though by unseen bonds of weakness  
chain'd,  
A prisoner of the Lord, by Him restrain'd,  
Better His prisoner than to wander free,  
Unbless'd by Him, in health and liberty :  
His strokes are mercy, all His ways are right,  
His yoke is easy, and His burden light ;  
And He can make the lonely chamber fair  
And pleasant as embowering gardens are,  
And holy as His sacred house of prayer.  
'T is in the hours of darkness, not of day,  
The nightingale pours forth her sweetest lay —  
'T is in the cloudy sky, 'midst showery tears,  
The beauteous rainbow, pledge of peace, appears.

Where sweet communion the soul elates,  
Where conjugal affection ever waits,  
Where comfort and sweet peace together rest,  
Even the sick and silent room is blest.

## THE BIRD OF PASSAGE.

SWEET bird ! that com'st from o'er the sea,  
Companion of the summer's day,  
To fill our woods with minstrelsy,  
Thine is the same pure, artless lay,  
Whether in tropic groves it trills  
Within the banian's long arcade,  
Or English hedge-rows' purling rills,  
And oak and chestnut's spreading shade.

How different from man !—he, too,  
Had first a heart attuned to praise—  
He once his great Creator knew,  
And hymn'd His name in grateful lays ;  
But lost in sin, unhallow'd mirth,  
Discordant songs of evil sound,  
And idol praise pollutes the earth,  
And horrid orgies echo round.  
Oh, when shall every region swell  
The chorus to Emmanuel ?

## DOMESTIC LOVE.

LITTLE rill, so gently flowing  
Flower embroider'd banks along,  
Whither are thy runlets going,  
With their rippling liquid song?  
Thine are not deep mighty waters,  
Which through wide-spread regions roam;  
But the flowers, thy sons and daughters,  
Gladdening in thy meadow home.

So within some happy dwelling,  
Love encircling sweetly flows;  
Gladdening, soothing, cheering, quelling,  
Doubling joys, and healing woes.  
Oft in smiles of fondness beaming,  
Sympathetic heart and eye;  
Pure and sanctified, and streaming  
From the fount of Love on high.

## STRAY THOUGHTS.

IF THOUGHT might choose retirement, it should be  
In the recesses of a summer wood,  
Beneath an old and patriarchal tree,  
Whose noble trunk the flood of ages stood ;  
Beside a bank with forest flow'rets strew'd ;  
And where a still and shadow'd water sleeps,  
And where in unrestrain'd and gamesome mood  
The wild bird warbles, and the wild deer leaps  
In such an oriel, things might wander by,  
Of sweet, sublime, and lovely fantasy.

Or a primeval rock, across whose brow  
The dashing breakers have not worn a scar,  
As in earth's earliest ages standing now,  
While transient generations pass afar ;

Like to the waves, which at its reckless bar,  
Rise, lift their heads, and die and pass away ;  
Dim legends, ancient as Chaldean are,  
Uniting with the stories of to-day ;  
Or those dark eras of a world of crime  
Before the deluge, with the present time.

And for a season tranquil thought might take  
The sweet bright sunshine of a Sabbath-day ;  
Then with a mind unruffled as the lake,  
How high and unrestrain'd might Fancy stray,  
Cheer'd by the pure, the fair, celestial ray ;  
And chime harmonious of the herald bell,  
Which ever in its chiming seems to say,  
In soft and silver tones, "EMANUEL."  
Speaking His empire o'er my native isle,  
Through which His Gospel sounds, His Sabbaths  
smile.

Ah true ! the harp requires a mind at rest,  
Like the clear mirror of the crystal lake,  
Which shews reflected in its glassy breast  
The girdling forest, bower, and 'hill, and brake.

Toil, anxious care, and passion, only make  
The mind a troubled sea, all vex'd with storms ;  
And pure imagination will forsake  
What passion darkens, and what care deforms.  
In solitude is penn'd the sweetest song,  
The numbers most in tune, most full, most strong.

This is a lovely and transporting world,  
Where life and health gush over with delight ;  
Perfume pervades the air, the flowers unfurl'd,  
FVaunt fairy banners many-hued and bright.  
Encircling Beauty reigns o'er day and night ;  
And link'd with Joy, twin queens on verdant thrones,  
Beneath their azure canopy of light,  
List to the free birds' most heart-thrilling tones.  
Such is, or would have been, without, within,  
Had not this world sustain'd the blight of sin.

Yet haply Eden, with its fragrant groves,  
And perfect frame of man and perfect mind,  
Might not content that thing of fire which roves,  
Scorning in loveliest cells to be confined ;  
Haply in Eden had the Spirit pined  
To burst delicious chains and wander free ;  
Leaving those low, though lovely bowers, behind.  
To range unbound through God's immensity.  
Passing, how swiftly ! the swift-darting light,  
Too slow companion for her trackless flight.

Flesh clothes the spirit in its infant days,  
As in the egg the embryo eaglet lies,  
Which fledged and free soars in the solar blaze,  
And dwells amidst the blue fields of the skies :  
How vast and high are human destinies !  
How dim and faint do earth's best gifts appear !  
How valueless the world's most valued prize,  
While in her untraced way from sphere to sphere  
The soul, unfetter'd from her fleshly thrall,  
Finds, loves, admires, and worships God in all !

As the dark curtain of a shadow'd room,  
Whose windows overlook some wide expanse,  
Veils from our sight a prospect of rich bloom—  
Gay fields, and streams whereon the sunbeams  
dance ;  
So flesh encurtains wonders : but a glance  
Of the freed spirit will discover all.  
The dazzling myriads which retire, advance,  
Go and return where'er their duties call ;  
Each serving, in the ardour of his soul,  
The ONE PERVADING GOD, Inspirer of the whole.

Warriors, whose flashing dims the solar beam—  
Angels, all ministrant on human needs,—  
Pure spirits, like the creatures of a dream,  
The shield which shelters and the arm that leads,—

Inspirers of pure thoughts, the springs of deeds,  
Aids of the weak, revivers of the faint,  
Binding with gentle thoughts the heart that bleeds,  
Curbing impetuous passion with restraint ;  
Guiding enfeebled age's faded eye,  
And little feet of playful infancy.

Great God of spirits ! I would live in Thee,  
At home or far, beneath Thy sheltering shield !  
When I repose, Thy blessing fall on me,  
Gently as summer dew on thirsty field !  
And when I wake at morn, Thy spirit yield  
Light like the glorious burst of rising sun  
At noon, at night with Thine approval seal'd.  
With THEE all ended as with THEE begun.  
No higher wish have angels, nor would I  
Than this — with THEE to live, to move, to die !



# Sonnets.



## I.

### INTRODUCTION.

WHY should the SONNET sound alone beside  
The liquid music of Italian rill,  
Or masquer's song, when all beside is still,  
Where midnight serenaders softly glide,  
Or in romantic groves at eventide,  
To lute soft trembling at the lover's thrill?  
For beauty is more beautiful, and song  
More sweet when tuned to high and sacred things;  
Passion more pure, and all the lucid springs  
Of music flow more lovelily along;  
The movements of the heart more deep and strong;  
And FANCY soars on brighter, better wings,  
No tint, no splendour lost — but all is more  
Enchanting and delightful than before.

## II.

MUSING upon the loved and sainted dead,  
With whom I mingle now the hymn no more ;  
And who far other higher temples tread,  
I feel like exile on a foreign shore ;  
And turn in heart to those who heretofore  
Were ever with my soul accordant tuned,  
With whom I oft delightfully communed,  
And talk'd endearing meditations o'er.  
So doth that exile as the sun declines,  
Sadly bethink him with its parting light,  
Of distant regions where its glory shines,  
While he is left in solitude and night :  
Then doth his spirit long to fly away,  
Where stands his distant home beneath the noontide  
ray.

## III.

## ELEGIAC SONNET,

FROM METASTASIO.

*"Leggiadra rosa le cui pure foglie."*

DELICATE rose, whose leaves of purest grace  
Were nourish'd by the cool refreshing dew,  
And whom the morning airs that lightly blew  
Gave the red blush that mantled in thy face ;  
The hand that plucks thee from thy native place,  
In an immortal soil would plant thee new.  
Thy stem no piercing thorn shall there deface.  
But all that's lovely wear a lovelier hue ;  
There, parting flower, no longer will thou be  
Subject to winter colds and summer heats ;  
But a more constant hand shall shelter thee,  
Where no scene changes and no tempest beats,  
And thou shalt blend, as heavenly seasons flee,  
Eternal beauty with eternal sweets.

## IV.

“We shall all be changed.”—1 Cor. xv. 51.

METHOUGHT a change came o'er me, strange yet  
sweet,

As if unmanacled a captive sprung ;  
Lightness for dull incumbrance, wings for feet,  
The heavy and the weak asunder flung.

To sail, to sink, to fly were all the same,  
No weight, no weariness, unflesh'd and free,  
Pure and aspiring, as the ethereal flame,  
With the full strength of immortality.

Reason, clear, passionless, serene and bright,  
Without a prejudice, without a stain ;  
Unmingled and immaculate delight,

Without the shadow of a fear or pain.  
A whisper, gentle as a zephyr's breath,  
Spake in my ear—“THIS LIBERTY IS DEATH!”

## V.

"There was a custom, which seems to come from undefiled Christianity, to bury the bodies of saints, especially martyrs, under those stones upon which the Eucharist was celebrated."—THORNDIKE.

WHEN I recall the hours of sacred peace,  
    'Enjoy'd beside the altar of my Lord,  
I think, whenever this short life may cease,  
    How dear a sepulchre would that afford.  
There where, when living, I desired to be  
    Sleeping in Jesus, I would wish to lie,  
    Where pious feet would often wander by,  
And holy spirits often bend the knee.  
    My body wrapp'd in earth, my soul above;  
This, near the emblem of my Saviour's cross;  
That, purified from all terrestrial dross,  
    Viewing the monarch of the world of love.  
So would the mortal and immortal be,  
In earth or heaven, my Saviour, near to Thee,

## VI.

“ And the sea gave up the dead which were in it.”—Rev. xx. 13.

TOMB'D in the deep sea, where the cavern'd rocks  
Form their sepulchral chamber—low and far  
Sleep the drown'd dead—and mighty ocean locks  
Their prison vault, with many a billowy bar ;  
There through the green light, fainter than a star,  
Gleams the bright king of the cerulean day ;  
There, as exulting o'er their human prey,  
The loud resounding waters madly jar :  
But vain their triumph !—for that mighty hand  
Which chains the wild waves in their bed of sand,  
Shall lead those prisoners from their rocky tomb :  
And reunited love shall repossess,  
A thousand fold, its first pure blessedness ;  
Where amaranthine flowers in fields celestial  
bloom.

## VII.

How many denizens of heaven I know,  
Who, once with me, walk'd through this nether  
world ;  
But now beside celestial rivers go,  
And golden streets, enclosed by gates empearl'd ;  
Many, whom I have loved and lost, are there ;  
And ah ! how few the scenes of vanish'd years,  
Save, where in memory's retrospect appears  
One, and another, now a seraph fair :  
It doubts me whether those, who yet remain  
To glad life's circle, be in number great  
As those I cannot hope to see again,  
Till I may meet them in a deathless state.  
That land, whenever I its shores may see,  
Can scarcely seem a stranger land to me.

## VIII.

Two, whom I knew, once sister pilgrims here,  
Now perfect seraphs in the world of light,  
Who view'd, with cold misgiving and with fear,  
The dark deep river and the vale of night,  
Had laid them down to sleep ; and as they slept,  
Death came, with noiseless step and painless dart;  
And not a pang was felt—nor tear was wept ;  
Nor shock—nor struggle—nor convulsive start :  
But in the gentle semblance of a dream,  
(Like Peter, who scarce thought his freedom true,  
So like a beauteous vision did it seem,)  
Death drew the veil, and open'd heaven to view.  
Scarcely could Enoch or Elijah rise,  
With more delightful passage to the skies.

## IX.

## THE ACANTHUS.

Καὶ πλίκαντες στίφανον ἱεὺ ἀκανθῶν.—Matt. xxvii. 29.

Proud regal plant—thy leaves were wont to twine  
 The crown, and wreathèd majesty of kings,  
 And round Corinthian colonnades combine  
 Their deep-jagg'd foliage in symmetric rings ;  
 Yet, royal as thou art, in much that earth,  
 Amidst her short-liv'd grandeur bids thee grace,  
 In palace, arch of triumph, hall of mirth,  
 Thou once hast had a far diviner place,  
 Though in derision and in mockery set—  
 It was when HE, the taunted Nazarene,  
 Amidst rude bands of cruel men was seen  
 Crown'd with thy chaplet—when his cheek was wet  
 Still with the tears He shed on Olivet—  
 God in His soul, though man of lowly mien.

## X.

## "EX CATHEDRA CRUCIS."

CARD. BELLARMIN.

*De septem verbis Christo cruce prolatis.*

PASTOR and Bishop of the Church on earth,  
Yet militant, and 'sieged by many foes,  
How can Thy faithful followers feel the worth  
Of these last watchwords of Thy warfare's close !  
With what sweet spirit didst Thou quit the field !  
Pardon, endurance, love, Thy latest breath ; —  
With what bright triumph did Thy spirit yield  
Unbent, unwavering, conqueror in death !  
So keep Thy saints, the post Thy grace awards,  
And though around the shafts of evil fly,  
Take copy, for their conflict, from their Lord's,  
And from Thy victory learn how to die.  
The cross, that TRUEST BISHOP'S THRONE, displayed  
A spirit all divine, in earthly guise arrayed.

## XI.

SADDEST of this world's tales beyond compare,  
Beyond what yet hath been or fancy drawn,  
To Him the day, the night, the eve, the dawn,  
The summer heat, the wintry midnight air,  
The sea, the city, mountain, garden, lawn,  
Alike were scenes of toiling, watching, prayer ;  
Tender of soul, He felt—how deeply felt,  
The world's unkindness, and the slight of friends.  
All which to poverty its sharpness lends ;  
Homeless, the only roof wherein He dwelt,  
The sky, which o'er the ravening wild beast bends.  
And blood-bought man His last death-torture dealt.  
Man stung the heart, which all for man had spent—  
Nature recoil'd appall'd, yet man would not relent !

## XII.

## THE FIRST MOMENT OF THE WEEK.

It was upon a sick and sleepless bed,  
Harass'd by fever and perturbèd thought,  
With mind unquiet and with weary head,  
Seeking the slumber which in vain I sought,  
That the slow hours dragg'd heavily away,  
And every knell I counted as it pass'd,  
Till the long number'd period came at last,  
Which closed the week, and oped the Sabbath-day.  
Sudden methought I heard a chorus rise,  
The ravishment of music from afar,  
The Sabbath hymning of each heavenly star,  
The distant sound of angel symphonies ;  
Then sweetly lull'd, a calm stole o'er my breast,  
And all my spirit sank in quiet rest.

## XIII.

FEW hours more tranquil have become my share,  
Than those which in a GARDEN I have spent,  
In sweet retirement from a world of care ;  
And I have thought, it was a garden where  
My Great Redeemer, weary, ofttimes went,  
Where Kedron's waters, in soft blandishment,  
Murmur'd low music like the voice of prayer.  
Still amidst walks embower'd and borders gay,  
With aromatic gems and leaves unfurl'd,  
It seems again a paradise to stray,  
In lovely night or sunny summer's day,  
And hold communion with another world.  
Delightful stillness overspreads the breast,  
And the sooth'd soul is wrapt in sacred rest.

## XIV.

WHEN on some lofty prospect hill I stand,  
And faith's strong vision gazes o'er the scene,  
How short the vale appears which lies between  
That pleasant summit and the promised land !  
The stream of death, which rolls its gloomy waves  
Across the last rough portion of the way,  
Seems but a rippling brook, which gently laves  
The hither border of the land of day.  
Oh, to be ever in a frame like this,  
It makes the heavenly future, even now,  
And sheds a gleam of glory o'er the brow,  
Reflected from the radiancy of bliss !  
And immortality itself appears  
Already sprung from out the term of years.

## XV.

"My times are in Thy hand."—PSALMS.

MY times are in Thy hand!—delightful thought!—

This will I wear as memory's dearest gem.

Thou hast acquitted, who shall dare condemn?

Thine—thine I am by blood-paid purchase bought:

Then, while I live, Thy hand will trace my way.

All things are mine, and working for my good,

Nor would I wish to alter if I could

One cloud or sunshine of my earthly day.

Victor of all, the keys of death are thine,

Sickness and pain, and dark-wing'd powers of harm,

With me have lost the license to alarm;

Thou hast subdued them, and the gain is mine.

Thus as to some high mountain top I rise,

And sit above the clouds, and live in stainless skies.

## XVI.

THE Christian finds a Paradise regain'd,  
In which the spirit oftentimes may walk ;  
There, in sweet meditation unrestrain'd,  
With forms celestial he can inly talk.  
PEACE, a fair river, through the garden flows,  
And trees of life upon its margin stand,  
And every flower of life in vigour grows  
Throughout the region of that happy land.  
No cloud obscures the sky ; GOD'S LOVE, the sun,  
Suffers no shadow, nor eclipse, nor night.  
It seems the reign of heaven on earth begun,  
And the redeem'd all walk beneath the light.  
A Paradise on earth's tempestuous sphere,  
Like to the Eden God first planted here.

## XVII.

"Lord, teach me to know the measure of my days, that I may know  
how frail I am."—PSALMS.

SICKNESS, pale monitor! thy silent tread  
Hath visited again my chamber-door.  
Angel invisible, thy name hath dread,  
But Faith can bid me fear thy shaft no more.  
Thou comest with the whisper of a friend,  
With a kind message to me, such as this,—  
"Be mindful, O be mindful of thy end,  
The measure of thy days, how frail it is!"  
Thanks, God of mercy, that a voice so mild,  
A stroke so gentle, as I feel to-day,  
Kind as a parent to an erring child,  
Should stop my giddy spirit on its way,  
And bid me turn and think to whom I owe  
Each prosperous sun that shines, and HEALTH'S  
delicious glow.

## XVIII.

"A crown of life."—REV.

LIFE, matchless gift ! thou gushest from the springs  
Of soft sensation and supreme delight,  
Feeling, and passion, and the wondrous flight  
Of Fancy, on her strong celestial wings,—  
Thine is the melody sweet music rings,  
And beauty's graceful form and colours bright ;  
Yet all we know of life is but the gleam  
That gilds the gray mist of the morning sky,  
Ere yet the sun hath risen, and the eye  
Caught the full splendour of his cloudless beam :  
Here life is mixed with death, and like a dream  
Compared with perfect immortality—  
Unmingled life, no death, no gloom, no pain—  
All light—unmingled light without a stain.

## XIX.

SINGING FROM THE HYMN-BOOK OF A  
DECEASED SISTER.

WHILE from this relic of departed love,  
Midst all my earthly languor, I would praise,  
I think of her, a seraph now above,  
Who hymns of far diviner thought can raise,  
But once with me trod earth's perplexing maze.  
When shall I rise and be a spirit too?  
For this I sometimes wish my days were few,  
That no long road of years before me lay,  
With lone bereaved spirit to pursue  
The weary tenour of my pilgrim way;  
And Hope, with glass prophetic, lifts her view  
To the bright fields of never-clouded day.  
Yet, while appointed work for me remains,  
I would not quit earth's bleak and desert plains.

## XX.

"I will bless thee, and make thee a blessing."—GENESIS.

AND wilt THOU bless me? To be blest by Thee,  
What tongue can tell the whole the word conveys !  
Yet, would I say, do more, and let me be  
The channel of Thy blessing to Thy praise :  
Like to the sun who bears his glorious beams,  
The golden gifts of his Creator's power,  
To send them forth again in lucid streams,  
To cherish life, and ripen fruit and flower ;  
So may I shed abroad the blessing lent,  
Whether of earthly or celestial hue,  
And in Thy service all received be spent,  
To whom alone the debt of all is due.  
Blessing and blest, sweet honour, sweet employ,  
Happy, and filling every heart with joy.

## XXI.

## THE MARTYRDOM OF RASSALAMA,

One of the Christian converts of Madagascar, in 1837. Being led to the place of execution, she sang hymns as she went; she there asked permission to pray, which being granted, she was speared to death, and her body left to be devoured by the wild dogs that frequent the places of execution in Madagascar.

Is there no power in the glorious beam  
Of the bright sun? hath life so little worth,  
Or the rich garden of the joyous earth,  
Or the warm gushing of the spirit's stream,  
To tempt thee back?—Dost thou so worthless deem  
The ties of friendship and of love, that bind  
Within their silken bonds the captive mind,  
That so unmoved by terror thou dost seem,  
And shrinkest not at the cold touch of death,  
Nor the devouring dogs that wait their prey,  
Ready to seize whene'er shall pass away  
That airy chain of life, the fleeting breath?  
No!—Suns unsetting, heaven's far fairer bloom,  
Life purer, never-parting love, attend thy doom.

## XXII.

It is related of one of the Christian converts in Madagascar that his tears always gushed forth when he mentioned the name of Jesus. When it was asked, Why? He replied, How can I do otherwise than feel, when I mention the name of that beloved Saviour who died upon the cross for me?

HE could not speak the name without a tear,  
So gratitude and love had fill'd his heart,  
And memory of Christ's sufferings endear,  
That at the thought the constant tear would start.  
To us it seems an old and worn-out tale,  
Feeble in interest, and so often heard,  
That like a common and accustom'd word  
The mighty wonders of the story fail!  
Oh, for some portion of that holy fire,  
To kindle in our icy hearts more love!  
Descend, CELESTIAL SPIRIT, from above,  
And recollections of our Lord inspire.  
So should that Sacred Name have power to wake  
Deep thoughts of all He suffered for our sake.

## XXIII.

## THE VIRGIN.

Most blessed among women—vestal pure,  
And full of faith beyond thy twilight day :  
What joy didst thou possess, what pain endure,  
While thirty annual seasons pass'd away !  
Conceal'd within thy heart unboasted lay  
Secret imaginings, though veil'd yet sure,  
From that first hour the infant Saviour slept  
On thy young bosom in serene repose,  
Till the sword pierced thy soul, and thou hadst wept,  
To view the torture of His short life's close.  
Doubtless thy constant hand oft sooth'd His woes,  
Doubtless thine eye a mother's watch oft kept.  
And thee He loved, the last command He breath'd,  
Was when to him most dear thee, dying, He be-  
queathed.

## XXIV.

"In the garden there was a sepulchre."

ALAS ! what light and shade, and life and death,  
Mingle in this sin-blighted world of ours !  
Disease may taint the morning's purest breath,  
And canker-worms infest the freshest flowers ;  
Beauty we meet in every leaf and form,  
And beam of sun or moon, or little star,  
And woodland stream or ocean's mighty jar,  
The calm of summer, or the winter storm,  
And pleasure lights each passion, and the chain  
Of exquisite enjoyment circles round,  
And heart meets heart—it seems enchanted ground,  
All unpolluted by the thorn of pain.  
But while we feel how sweet the scene—how fair,  
Some dark memento tells us—SIN IS THERE.

## XXV.

## MOSES.

PROPHET OF GOD! descending from the mount,  
Thy feet have trodden holy ground, thine eye  
Hath caught from opening heaven its radiancy,  
And brought it hither from its highest fount.  
So have I sometimes seen a Christian bear  
A brightness not of earth, but from above,  
Lighting his countenance with rays of love  
As he descended from the mount of prayer.  
Benevolence, affection, holy peace,  
Serene and humble trust, a soul at rest,  
A faith establish'd and a tranquil breast,  
A confidence, a joy which cannot cease ;  
These—these have shed a glory, pure and bright  
As that which clad the prophet's face with light.

## XXVI.

## NATURE.

GREAT HARP OF NATURE ! many are thy wires,  
And sweet and full the harmony they raise,  
All beautiful and joyous, life respire  
Through its ten thousand modulants in praise ;  
The sun and moon, and many twinkling fires  
Which grace thy nights, or burn along thy days,  
And every waving bough, and every flower,  
And sweet bird's song and beast of every name ;  
The zephyr's sigh, or ocean in its power,  
His wisdom, goodness, majesty, proclaim,  
While poison blasts, and stings, and deathful flame,  
Speak of the blight that pass'd o'er Eden's bower.  
This world, and all it holds, how pure ! how fair !  
If sin had never gain'd admittance there.

## XXVII.

## THE SABBATH CHIMES.

I LOVE the chiming of the Sabbath bell !  
The few and simple change of notes appear,  
To holy fancy's meditative ear,  
To speak the sacred name, " EMANUEL."  
Music of peace, that from the hallow'd tower,  
Sounding o'er fields, and vales, and peaceful  
streams,  
Basking beneath the summer's pleasant beams,  
In the sweet silence of the Sabbath hour,  
Tells of pure rest and of a heavenly day,  
Whose sun will never set—a Sabbath tide,  
Whose happy hours will not so swiftly glide ;  
Nor (like earth's sabbaths) ever pass away.  
Yes, as I listen, doth the chiming bell  
Still sound, " EMANUEL !" " EMANUEL !"

## XXVIII.

BUT for the cloud were neither shower nor bow,  
The loveliness that earth and sky display :  
'Tis when the storm descends and tempests blow,  
The traveller seeks the refuge on his way.  
The first fair moment of the break of day  
Had never been, but for the gloom of night :  
The spring's sweet time of hope and blossoms gay,  
Owes half its sweetness to the winter's blight.  
Such is the brilliance and extreme delight  
Of the first dawn of joy, when grief departs,  
And through the shade of sorrow glances bright  
A beam of heavenly love upon our hearts.  
So through the cloud of woe, and falling tears,  
Serenely bright the world of day appears.

## XXIX.

THERE is a temple in the Christian's heart,  
And every thought and feeling worships there ;  
Each, sweetly sanctified, maintains its part  
In elevated praise, or humble prayer :  
LOVE lights the flame that on the altar burns,  
PEACE, JOIY, and GRATITUDE the choir compose,  
RELYING FAITH to the one offering turns,  
And there the tear of deep REPENTANCE flows ;  
THERE MEDITATION ponders, MEMORY stands  
The works and wonders of her God to trace,  
DEVOTION strengthens, glowing ZEAL expands,  
And PATIENCE waits for new supplies of grace.  
Closed from the world, that hidden fane, how fair,  
No outward storm can rend, no foe can enter there.

## XXX.

FINDING A TULIP LEAF IN A BOOK IN  
WINTER.

DAUGHTER of summer, still thy varied vest  
The gold and crimson of thy youth retains !  
Born in those sunny days, when earth was drest  
In festal garlands of a thousand stains :  
Brighter they seem in memory, for the snow,  
The misty coldness, and the frozen streams,  
Give double splendour to remember'd beams,  
And to remember'd flowers a fairer glow.  
So when life's joyous spring and summer pass,  
If in the winter of declining days  
We meet again, some friendship, which, alas !  
Recals to memory times of brighter rays ;  
How do the recollected seasons seem,  
The re-appearance of a vanish'd dream !

## XXXI.

MAN's soul is his own universe, wherein

All things celestial and terrestrial are ;

IMAGINATION is his sky—the din

Of thunder, or the light fleece cloud, are there ;

DEVOTION is his temple—LOVE, his sun—

FANCY, his garden—SCIENCE is his sea—

And music dwells within him, heard by none,

And forms of unexpressèd mystery :

Thoughts are his creatures, which run to and fro,

And bring him pleasures from all parts and things ;

The light or shade of ecstasy or woe,

The wide creation of imaginings.

Things past, things present, and things yet to be,

Mirror of history and futurity.

## XXXII.

TALK not of halls perfumed, and all which Art  
Amidst her multiform enchantments makes :  
What are the marble domes and bright compart,  
To flower-embroider'd banks and blossom'd brakes?  
What is the silk attire of fairest dye,  
And every tint in festal robe which glows,  
Compared with that which oftentimes decks the sky,  
Or which the sunbeam pencils on the rose?  
No—give me meads, and woods, and glassy streams,  
And nature, artless as the mountain child ;  
And they who will may have the feverish dreams  
Of courts, and pomps, and arch, and column piled.  
These win the heart awhile, but wound the mind,  
Those call forth gushing health, and spirits most  
refined.

## XXXIII.

## THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

I KNOW a flower, which in the noontide glare  
Closes its amber foliage from the light ;  
But when the gentler evening, with cool air,  
And milder radiance, languishes to night,  
Then doth this flower, all in her beauty dight,  
Expand her opening buds beneath the moon.  
So have I seen a gentle spirit bright  
In sweet retirement, which the glaring noon  
Of crowds and pomp would cast into the shade,  
While the mild influence beam'd from heart to heart,  
Within the chosen circle love has made,  
Would waken'd life and loveliness impart ;  
Like eve's pale primrose in her favourite hour,  
Her own sweet circle's most endearing flower. .

## XXXIV

## THE SWAN.

QUEEN of the silent lake,  
    Gliding majestic o'er thy liquid court,  
Deep in the shadowy brake,  
    Where the imagined water nymphs resort,  
Where foxgloves hang their bells,  
    And oaken bowers their branches intertwine,  
And solitude in leafy covert dwells,—  
    That sanctuary, snowy queen, is thine.  
Few violate thy state : the timid deer  
    May drink the pure wave as he trots along ;  
The forest-loving birds may hover near,  
    The nightingale may pour her stream of song ;  
Yet, queen acknowledged on thy glassy throne,  
Thou reignest in still majesty alone.

## XXXV.

WHY, drooping mariner, on life's rough sea,  
Do rising waves thy fainting heart alarm?  
True, they may rage, but cannot do thee harm,  
Though wildly toss'd thy little bark may be :  
Thy Father hath not yet forgotten thee,  
Nor ever will—He is the God of truth,  
And from thy infancy, and through thy youth,  
And to thy hoary hairs, thy strength is He.  
Each Ebenezer memory can see  
At different stages of thy trodden way,  
Shews that His grace was equal to thy day.  
That grace is now, as ever, full and free—  
All works for good, though timid reason quails,  
Short sight cannot perceive, and weak faith fails.

## XXXVI.

'Αμήν. Να ἔρχῃ, Κύριε Ἰησοῦ.—Rev. xxii. 20.

(The motto upon our family vault.)

WHERE is the motto for a tomb so fair ?

“JESUS, COME QUICKLY!” Amen. Even so !

The slumbering dust awaits the Saviour there,

The mourners who the pang of parting know,

All nature waits for that millennial day,

When the new heaven and earth in freshest youth,  
Beneath Emanuel's everlasting sway,

Shall bloom in perfect holiness and truth ;

All cry, “Come Lord, come quickly,” break the chain

Of sin, and death, corruption, and the tomb,

Unite the separated, chase the gloom,

And captive lead captivity again.

“Come Lord ! come quickly !” all creation cries,

“Come Lord ! come quickly !” every heart replies.

## XXXVII.

How oft as life's deceitful road we tread,  
Viewing the pathway gemm'd with flowers,  
A cloudless sky appearing overhead,  
From the pure blue all stain of sorrow fled,  
And gladness gilding all the hours ;  
E'en from among the beauties we admir'd,  
And pleasures, whose possession we desired,  
Ambush'd in treacherous fascination there,  
Some evil, serpent-like conceal'd, has sprung,  
And from those very sweets have we been stung !  
The buds of hope which promised once so fair,  
Have ripen'd into fruits of bitter care.  
We know not what is right, nor what is best.  
Direct our footsteps, Lord ! and choose our place of  
rest.

## XXXVIII.

THOU trembling traveller, beside the stream,  
The dark, the cold, yet narrow stream of death ;  
Are not its waters gilded by the beam  
From heaven's bright gates ? Listen to Him who  
saith,  
“ Although thou passest through the waters, I  
Will still be with thee, and the threatening flood  
Shall never overflow :” for HE is by,  
Who once for thee pour'd out redeeming blood,  
And bow'd to death, and took away its sting ;  
A conqueror when conquer'd, made the grave  
The ante-room of heaven, and thence will bring  
Each slumbering atom that He died to save.  
Trust Him in utter helplessness, and see,  
For all thy weakness will His strength sufficient be.

## XXXIX.

BESIDE my hearth, in years now pass'd away,  
Two gentle children, in affection one,  
ARTHUR and ANNA, join'd their winter play,  
Or little gardens in the summer sun ;  
She dropp'd in early childhood, ere five years,  
Before her soft dark eyes had circled yet :  
He eighteen seasons, yet oft said with tears  
His partner sister he should ne'er forget.  
Now both departed, may not Fancy's eye  
Trace them companion spirits still—above,  
Where they will never part, can never die,  
But, join'd in purest and eternal love,  
Think, and converse of home, and infant days,  
And those they love still lingering in earth's maze ?

## XL.

## THE EVERGREEN.

I LOVE AN EVERGREEN! It seems to me,  
While fresh and full, midst winter's frost and snow,  
Most like to friendship in adversity,  
Which cannot blight or chill its generous glow.  
While summer's gay companions of bright hue,  
In the bleak months look barren, cold, and bare,  
These, ever cheerful, shew themselves most true,  
Deserted by the rest, yet verdant there.  
Oh, what a gem is that, which neither care,  
Nor the world's slander, nor the scorn of pride,  
Nor loss, nor gain, can fright, or tempt, or snare,  
To quit the post of friendship by our side!  
Few hearts (though such I know) are wholly true,  
Oh, treasure past a price—alas, that such are few!

## XLI.

## CONSCIENCE.

WHERE couldst thou go beyond the searching eye  
Of HIM, who through all time pervades all space ?  
If thou wouldst find such undiscover'd place,  
Then must thou from thyself attempt to fly !  
God dwells within thy soul—CONSCIENCE is He,  
In abstract justice, purity, and truth ;  
And couldst thou dream that change of place,  
forsooth,  
Could from the gaze of vengeance set thee free ?  
No !—thine own thoughts, a nest of serpents, dwell  
Within thy bosom, there they hiss and sting ;  
And though to utmost verge thy flight thou wing,  
Thou bearest with thee still their hateful cell.  
God dwells by conscience in the sinner's heart,  
And who would fly from God, must from himself  
depart.

## XLII.

## TIME.

TIME, precious Time ! is given us by drops,  
Moment by moment, and its worth before  
All that man values, and far overtops  
The brightest diamond or the richest ore.  
Entrusted with one moment, and no more  
Till that is spent, and then another mite,  
Till life's long hour-glass is exhausted quite,  
And man's allotted sum of life is o'er.  
Seeming thus singly, and by atoms lent,  
That we may pause and think on that which fled,  
As we receive another in its stead,  
Whether for good or ill the last was spent.  
Millions of moments make life's whole amount,  
And of each moment we must yield account.

## XLIII.

## THE TRANSFIGURATION, 6TH AUGUST.

EMMA E——, DIED 1844.

As on this day, upon the holy mount,  
Transfigur'd and enrobed in vest of light,  
Shining with rays intolerably bright,  
Which stream'd unsullied from light's heavenly  
fount,  
The Saviour stood, while glory paramount,  
His followers whelm'd with fear and with delight!  
So on this day, may I not trust, my child,  
That thou didst change thy mortal dress, defiled,  
By sickness and by death, and wast array'd  
In vest of seraph whiteness, and wast made  
Like to the angels, perfect, bright, and pure,  
So that thou couldst heaven's blaze of light endure,  
And see HIM as He is, who died for thee,  
Of whom thou lov'dst to hear in thy simplicity.

## XLIV.

## THE INFANT JESUS IN THE MANGER.

WHEN, in imagination lone, I see  
The infant Saviour in the manger laid,  
More than a manger do I see portray'd ;  
It seems an altar, and the victim HE.  
His one oblation lasted all life long,  
Through weary days and nights, in pain and scorn,  
Closed by the agony, the crown of thorn,  
The thirst, the bitter death, unmingled wrong !  
But first began it on that infant morn,  
When, like an unoffending lamb, he lay,  
Helpless before the hand stretch'd out to slay,  
And for the sacrificial altar born.  
The LAMB OF GOD, that rugged manger bore :  
View it in thought, and wonder and adore.

## XLV.

OFTTIMES perplex'd, not knowing what is right,  
Fearing lest prejudice, or passion's glass,  
Tinge with false colours, or distract the sight,  
And lead to error, I have thought, — Alas !  
How ignorant, how blind, how weak am I ! —  
Oh, that some angel monitor were near,  
To tell me what to seek and what to fly,  
And how midst sands and rocks my bark to steer !  
Then would I journey on, without a fear,  
Perform the good, and pass the evil by.  
Yet, in my ignorance, I humbly plead,  
Lord, if I err, forgive my erring heart,  
Pity my weakness, guiding light impart,  
Accept the wish for the more perfect deed.

## XLVI.

## PUTTING OFF MOURNING.

WHEN some few months have pass'd, we lay aside  
The garb of mourning for the parted dead ;  
Is it because oblivion has dried  
The early tear, which once we sadly shed,  
And haply thought that we should ever weep,  
And never more know joy, nor e'er forget ?  
Doth Time's dull wand lay sorrow then asleep,  
And doth no trace of memory linger yet ?  
Ah me ! I feel not so, but still more sad,  
When the dark habit custom bids put off,  
Than when it was assumed, for then I had  
The dress of grief, which colours seem to scoff.  
With outward marks of sorrow we **may part**,  
But **cannot** put off mourning from the heart.

## XLVII.

## HOME.

HOME that is dear to all — how dear to me,

Beyond what other homes could e'er display!

Fancy recalls the scenes, and I can see

In thought those here who now have pass'd away.

My children's spirits walk in every room,

Here they were born, here lived, and in young years

Hence were they were carried to an early tomb,

Deep mourn'd and sprinkled by love's many tears.

Yet do they seem around me, when I think

Here sat one treasure, there another play'd ;

The form, the smile, the voice, death could not sink,

Nor cover by the grave's concealing shade.

Unseen, they yet seem present — pleasing pain !

When will the circle be complete again ?

## XLVIII.

THE little sedgy spring which bubbling, flows  
In the far uplands, takes its tiny course,  
And passing onward, to a streamlet grows,  
Still widening in its distance from its source ;  
Till a broad river, bearing on its waves  
The full-sail'd navy and a nation's might,  
Enriches cities, fields and valleys laves,  
Filling a fruitful country with delight.  
So may the feeble efforts of a few,  
Perhaps in some far village, issue forth,  
And like that spring become a river too,  
Bear blessings east, and west, and south, and north,  
And cause salvation and the cross to sound,  
To regions at the earth's remotest bound.

## XLIX.

THE future and the distant always seem,  
Tinted by Hope's sweet pencil passing fair,  
Like snow-clad mountains in the rising beam,  
It seems as if a roseate land were there :  
Yet should the traveller gain that beauteous height,  
Lovely by distance only, ice-crag drear,  
And snowy chasms terrible, would fright,  
And savage winter, rob'd in storms, appear.  
The rainbow still recedes as we advance,  
The mirage onward moves her mocking wave,  
And the bright paths of moonlit billows dance,  
In trembling splendour, o'er the seaman's grave.  
The happiness of heaven, and that alone,  
With distant undeceiving ray hath shone.

THE END.

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